Poetical Miſcellanies:

VIZ.

The FEMALE PARRICIDE, a TRAGEDY, founded on the Hiſtory of Miſs BLANDY, who poiſon'd her Father.

SAUL and JONATHAN, a TRAGEDY, on the Plan of the Sacred Records.

POEMS on ſeveral Occaſions.

Me duce damnoſas, homines compeſcite curas.
OVID.

By EDWARD CRANE, of MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER:
Printed by R. WHITWORTH, Bookſeller, next
the *Weaver's Arms*, at the Back of the *Bull's
Head* Inn. 1761.

W.N.H. HARDING
Bodl.

The author being adviſed by many of his ſubſcribers, to omit printing their names, and inſtead thereof to add ſeveral articles which he would not elſe have had room for, he hopes the remainder, of them will be alſo oblig'd by his complying with their requeſt.

PROLOGUE.

'TWERE to be wiſh'd that in theſe modern days
We had no truths like this for tragic plays.
But oh! too oft the guiltleſs blood is ſhed,
And murder like a monſter ſhews its head.
Here view poor Blandy *take the poiſonous cup*
By his own daughter mixt,--and drink it up.
Too ſoon the fatal conſequence was o'er;
The father dy'd!--the daughter is no more.
Juſtly ſhe ſuffer'd for a ſin ſo great
The puniſhment that murder does await.
From her vile conduct may our Brittiſh *youth*
Obedience learn, and ſtill adhere to truth.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. **BLANDY.**
Mr. **FREEMAN**, Friend to Mr. *Blandy.*
WRITEWELL, Clerk to Mr. *Blandy.*
Captain **CRANSTON.**
Doctor **VITAL.**

WOMEN.

Miſs **BLANDY.**
LUCY, Maid to Miſs *Blandy.*

Servants, Officers, &c.

SCENE Mr. *BLANDY's* HOUSE.

THE

Female Parricide,

A

TRAGEDY.

Bonum eſt fugienda eſpiære in malo.

PULB. SYR.

Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,LXI.

THE
Dedication *and* Preface.

SOME ſay that works without a perface look
As if they were but fragments,---not a book.
Conſcious of this I make a declaration
This both a preface is and dedication.
It's cuſtomary firſt to dedicate;
After the preface it comes in too late.
What daring hero--or what gen'rous ſpirit
Can I find out--and tell the world his merit?
Trace his deſcent--and each heroic act,
And add a thouſand tales that ne'er were fact?
All is but puff, ſubſervient to ſelf-ends,
Therefore I'll dedicate it to my friends.
Grateful to all, in country and in town,
The favour to each one I frankly own.
This thought has made me dedicate the whole
Not unto one ſubſcriber,---but to all;
The rich--the poor--in fine both great and ſmall.
I wiſh I cou'd have wrote in loftier ſtile
And gain'd, (oh! pleaſing thought) a general ſmile;
In truth I'd ſmile again on ev'ry one:
But peace.---my dedication now is done.

Now for a preface; it muſt next appear;
Pray read the title page you'll find it there;
For after I have given the contents
Why ſhou'd I tire your patience with comments.

THE

The Female Parricide;

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene Mr. BLANDY's Houſe.

Enter Miſs BLANDY.

HOW reſtleſs and tumultuous real love;
How does it act by hopes and fears alternate;
In both extreme; it never knows a mean,
But raiſes, or depreſſes, in an inſtant,
The hearts of thoſe that ſtruggle with it's chain.
Such is my heart, ſuch is this captive breaſt;
Witneſs theſe penſive Eyes, and this pale face,
This negligence of dreſs, and ſtupid air.
Oh! love what art thou? Whence doſt thou ariſe?
Let poets boaſt they know thy origin;

'Tis falſe——for like the *Nile* no ſource is found;
The more we ſearch the ſpring, the more we err.
Reaſon reſigns all claim to find thee out;
So ſtrong is love——ſo weak's the human mind.
Yet peace—be ſtill ye paſſions. Why ſhou'd I
That am not yet deſpis'd, myſelf torment?
Still *Cranſton* loves, or there's no truth in man.
But I'll not doubt his love: O *Cranſton! Cranſton!*
With thee I'd traverſe earth, and ſea, and air,
Yea face the ſterneſt foe that e'er drew ſword,
And ruſh againſt its point, to ſave my *Cranſton.*

Enter LUCY.

LUCY.

Madam what means thoſe folded arms, that downcaſt look,
This attitude of body, and theſe ſighs?
Say what affliction thus hath touch'd your heart
So early in the Morn?

***Miſs* BLANDY.**

Affliction *Lucy!*——none that's real yet;
'Tis all imaginary hope and fear.
Art thou a ſtranger to this wounded breaſt?
No more than thou'rt a ſtranger unto love.
But tell me *Lucy*, haſt thou ſeen my *Cranſton?*

Laſt night he vow'd, he with the lark wou'd riſe,
And wing his way as ſwift to me this morn.

LUCY.

I have not ſeen him yet, but ſure I am
That you will ſee him quickly.

Miſs BLANDY.

Quickly ſay'ſt thou? Each moment is an hour.
For Oh! my *Lucy*, diſt thou know how ſhort
My *Cranſton* is to ſtay, how ſoon we part,
If any ſympathy flows in thy breaſt,
Thou'd weep as I do now at the reflection.

LUCY.

Dear madam ceaſe to weep; he yet is here;
'Tis time enough to mourn when he is gone:
'Tis folly to anticipate our woes;
For grief too early comes that comes at all.

Miſs BLANDY.

Gone! didſt thou ſay? Now ſilence blaſt thy tongue!
What! go and leave me wretched here behind!
With an old father curſt, whoſe god is gold;
Who for a large eſtate would ſell his child
To miſery and each domeſtic Jar.
Recall that word and I will pardon thee.
For where my captain goes, by land or ſea,

There will I go.

LUCY.

May fortune jointly ſmile upon you both;
And may your Love meet with an equal flame.
I thought you lov'd, but did not judge the fire
To be ſo ſtrong, as what you now declare.

Miſs BLANDY.

But now thou knowſt, and ſhall know all my mind.
Thou art my maid be thou my confidant;
I know thee true —— at leaſt I hope thee ſo,
And from this Inſtant take thee to my breaſt.

LUCY.

Madam I hope your confidence right plac'd.
Hence your inſtructions gladly I obey.
But may I now preſume, humbly to aſk
What does your father ſay of captain *Cranſton*?

Miſs BLANDY.

My father *Lucy* nothing yet has ſaid;
But oh! his looks are chang'd ſince yeſterday.
Something is lurking in his ſullen breaſt,
That does portend no good I greatly fear.
I heard the ſervants whiſper, and methought
They often ſpoke of me and captain *Cranſton*.

LUCY.

What can it be? Sure no miſhap is come.
Your father was the firſt that gave him hopes;
Still made him welcome to his houſe and you,
And ſeem'd delighted with his converſation.

Miſs BLANDY.

Lucy that's truth—But old men are capricious,
And far more fickle than your ſprightly youths.
Thou knowſt his temper, ever prone to change.
How many times has he procur'd me ſuitors?
Now an old coxcomb, boaſting noble blood;
Next a raw boy, born to a large eſtate;
Thus vanity and avarice rul'd by turns.
He never ſtudied how our minds were form'd,
The only thing that parents ſhou'd conſider.
For ſay what peace, what ſatisfaction flows
When love's a ſtranger to the nuptial tie?
Can wealth or jointure force the ſoul to love?
Can theſe new-mould the tempers of the mind?
Can theſe make ice and fire, ſunſhine and ſnow,
Friendly to mingle in one genial maſs?
No *Lucy*, no—'Tis love ſhall fix my ſoul;
For where love dwells no diſcord can controul.
My father now may lay his ſchemes aſide,
For if I'm any I'll be *Cranſton*'s bride.

See yonder comes the darling of my heart;
I fly to meet him——*Lucy* now withdraw.

Exit LUCY.

Enter Captain CRANSTON.

C. CRANSTON.

Good morning to my love; my better part,
How ſhall I beg excuſe for this delay?
Urgent affairs detain'd me, elſe I'd been
With you before the ſun illum'd the eaſt.

Miſs BLANDY.

Is this the time? Is this your wings of love?
O captain I muſt chide you.

C. CRANSTON.

Long you might think the time: I thought it longer,
But now with you time will too ſwiftly fly.
Oh! that the ſun this day wou'd ſtay his courſe,
And linger in his paſſage to the weſt.
For we have ſchemes that wou'd require an age;
All, all to be tranſacted this ſhort day.

Miſs BLANDY.

What ſchemes dear ſir? Don't terrify my ſoul.
Is your mind chang'd? Are all your vows diſſolv'd?
Say, will you leave me? Muſt I not go with you?
If this be ſo, adieu to faithleſs man!——oh!——

C. CRANSTON.

Peace, peace my dear; don't wrong me e'en in thought?
Go with me! why that doubt? your fate is mine,
But firſt my charmer haſte, go try your father;
If he complys our joy knows no alloy;
If he refuſe our ſuit then muſt we plott;
For time is ſhort, conjointly we muſt act,
And counterballance all his baſe intentions:
For I have heard ſome undermining talk
That ſtrong ſuggeſts I muſt be driven from you.
The certain cauſe I cannot comprehend;
If any crime dwells in this breaſt of mine
But loving thee (if that's a crime) do ſpeak.
Let me receive my ſentence from thy ſelf.
Heaven knows my heart; to heaven I now appeal,
How pure my flame, how honeſt my intentions.
Death only ſhall my ſoul from thee divide.
My life is thine----I can no more.

Miſs BLANDY.

It is too much dear ſir; no proteſtations;
Sincerity's the whole; this, time muſt prove.
Oaths I deſpiſe, too oft a gloſs for falſhood,
Like pebbles ſet in gold that paſs for diamonds.

C. CRANSTON.

Right ſimile indeed; truth ſtands the teſt;
Hence I appeal only to my own heart:
If it be falſe, 'tis falſe unto itſelf.
But hold; no more of this; 'tis murd'ring time.
Thou knows to-morrow I muſt poſt away.
Then haſte, time by his forelock quickly ſeize:
Fly to your father: I'll ſee him anon;
But let me ſee you firſt, e'er I ſee him.

Miſs BLANDY.

At your requeſt I go with penſive heart.
I know his temper's obſtinately ſtern:
But ſay, what time ſhall I ſee you again?

C. CRANSTON.

By this ſalute, I'll meet my dear at ten.

Exit

SCENE II.

Eenter Mr. BLANDY.

What doubts! what cogitations fill my breaſt!
When I reflect on every ſcene of man,
And view each dire diſeaſe, that haunts his frame.
Some ſtruggle with a fever's burning pains,

That ſet the blood and ſpirits all on fire,
And burn till they conſume the vital ſpark.
Some labour under gout and ſtone (thoſe pains acute)
Some under dropſies, agues, and conſumptions;
Yea, I may add, ten thouſand deſtinies
Await poor man to hurl him of this ſtage.
Yet none of theſe I verily believe
Will ever from my body part my ſoul.
For oh! what dreams---what ſtrong, foreboding thoughts
Oppreſs my heart, and dictate to my mind,
That I---poor I! muſt die by curſed poiſon.

Enter Mr. FREEMAN.

Good morning ſir,---I hope your honour's well.
But ſir---methinks you look with penſive eyes;
As if ſome gloomy thought had diſcompos'd you;
Your wonted chearfulneſs ſeems much eclips'd,
Pray may I aſk the reaſon?

Mr. BLANDY.

That you ſhall know---But firſt I bid good morn:
I am rejoic'd to ſee you here ſo early;
Since every riſing thought, or trivial doubt
That for ſome time this mind hath prepoſſeſs'd, *
I will divulge to you.

---

* Mr. *Blandy* was for ſeveral years before his death, of a ſtrong opinion that he ſhou'd die by poiſon.

FREEMAN.

Proceed, dear friend; 'twill give me inward pleaſure
At once to know, and ſtrive to heal the wound.

Mr. BLANDY.

Tho' you may laugh at my credulity;
And ſay I'm turn'd a child with theſe grey hairs;
It matters not---My mind is much afflicted
By ſtrange and hideous dreams, that ſtill infeſt
My every ſlumber, night or day.
In each of which the ſame ideas riſe:
Still, ſtill I ſee grim death, reach out his glaſs,
Which only holds a few looſe grains of ſand.
Next open graves, and ſpades and dead mens ſkulls,
Large ſpreading yews, where owls and ravens perch;
Then ſwords and halters, vials full of poiſon,
That of themſelves uncork, and quick diſcharge
The poiſonous juice into a ſpacious bowl,
The which death ſnatcheth up and offers me.
What think you ſir of this?---

FREEMAN.

If this be all, I've hopes to give you eaſe;
(Tho' I muſt own ſuch horrid dreams uncommon)
But what are dreams? Meer interludes of fancy.
Sometimes they riſe from unconcocted meat
That

That overheats the blood; and hence the fumes
Ariſe in monſt'rous forms up to the brain.
Sometimes 'tis anxious, ardent, ſtudious thoughts,
That flow in throngs upon us whilſt awake.
O'er theſe the brain doth ruminate aſleep;
For thought knows no ceſſation.
Predictive dreams are long, long ſince exploded,
And banniſh'd from each philoſophic breaſt
The man that truſts in dreams will ne'er have peace
Therefore, my friend, away with theſe vain fears.

Mr. **BLANDY.**

Your notions here may poſſibly be juſt;
Yet I'm perſuaded mine are not meer dreams;
But providential hints ſent from above,
To make me ready for eternity.

FREEMAN.

Away with all theſe melancholy thoughts,
That cauſe deſpair and ſtupify all reaſon.
Call up your manhood---Strengthen your reſolves;
And leave futurity to the *Supreme*.
If in the paths of virtue ſtill we tread,
It matters not, if poiſon ſword or fire,
Sever this thread of life, and ſend us hence,
To that bleſt place where all is endleſs bliſs.

Mr. BLANDY.

This conſolation bears my ſpirits up.
Since I review time paſt without remorſe,
Grateful I ſtill have been for heaven's donations,
And will be ſo -- I thank you cordial friend.
For you have diſſipated all my fears.

FREEMAN.

'Tis pleaſure ſure to comfort the diſtreſt,
Whether in mind or body; they're afflicted.
But dreams, I hope, will ne'er perplex you more

Enter Miſs. BLANDY.

Mr. BLANDY.

My daughter! ah! How comes this early viſit?
You were not wont to riſe ſo ſoon my child!

Miſs. BLANDY.

'Tis true my father, buſineſs brought me here.
I have one favour now to crave of you,
Which if you grant will make me ever happy.

Mr. BLANDY.

Speak on my child; if any thing in reaſon,
Be your requeſt, aſſure yourſelf 'tis granted,

FREEMAN.

Sir by your leave I will withdraw awhile;

Perhaps you'll ſee me here again anon.

Mr. BLANDY.

Withdraw? ſtay ſir and hear this grand requeſt,
On which my daughters happineſs depends.
Tho', if I'm not deceiv'd, I judge the cauſe
By the emotions of her heaving breaſt.
Her eyes that ſparkle and look dull by turns,
And her impatience to explain her mind.
Say daughter have I right conjectur'd?
Does thy requeſt crave for thy ſelf, or *Cranſton?*

Miſs. BLANDY.

For both dear ſir; what e'er you grant to me
You grant to him; we ſhare alike in fortune.

Mr. BLANDY.

Ah! what means this? There's ſomething I can't
fathom
For both! Explain this paradox.

Miſs BLANDY.

Why then, in brief ſir, it's a joint requeſt:
You are no ſtranger to our Intercourſe
No it was open to the world and you.
Indeed 'twas friendſhip firſt, but now 'tis love.
His heart firſt caught the ſpark, the ſpreading
flame,

Darting itſelf like ſunbeams thro' a cloud,
Set fire to mine.---Thus 'tis a mutual flame,
Which if not quench'd may burn the fabrick down,
This brings me here a humble ſupplicant.
Oh! give conſent; this day compleat our joys.
To-morrow, he muſt go; now is the time;
To day I'll marry him---conſent or not.

Mr. BLANDY.

Aye! ſayſt thou ſo? what can the meaning be
Of this ſo ſudden diſobedient paſſion?
Pray calm thyſelf, and take thy father's counſel.
That love hath touch'd thy heart I dont deny;
And in that point I pity thee my child.
But then to give conſent ſo haſtily
For thee to wed the man I ſcarcely know,
To me ſeems monſt'rous, ſtupid folly.
Conſider thou'rt my daughter and my heireſs.
Thou art the only comfort I have left.
Thy mother pray'd me with her dying breath
Graſping my hand in hers, theſe words ſhe ſpoke,
" I feel deaths icy hand, congeal my blood;
" In a few moments I ſhall be no more,
" But by our former loves, our marriage vows
" By all thoſe mutual comforts that are paſt,
" Be tender of my child; her welfare ſeek;
" You muſt be father, mother, friend and all.

" To you I leave her; teach her true obedience.
" Tell her I left this dying charge with you.
" This ſaid ſhe dy'd"---I cannot help but weep.

weeps.

Her much lov'd memory demands theſe tears.
Oh think on her laſt words; be dutiful.
Thy happineſs is mine. I'll prove the man;
And if I find thy love be rightly plac'd,
And that he acts with honour to my child,
I'll give conſent---Till then let reaſon rule.

Miſs. BLANDY.

Reaſon!---Did ever reaſon dwell with love?
If ſo, the torrid, and the frigid zones
May meet and form a temp'rate.
I cannot ſtand delay; time runs apace.
The day will ſoon be o'er and *Cranſton* gone.
If you muſt prove the man, now is the time.
Deliberation moves too ſlow for love.
I fly!---With him I'll beg if fate ſo call,
Father and Fortune's nothing---*Cranſton's* all.

Going, Mr. Blandy *holds her.*

Mr. BLANDY.

Hold madam, you're not gone; is this your duty?
This the return for my paternal care?

Oh! harden'd child; thy heart is adamant.
Elſe wou'dſt thou liſten to my ſoft advice.
Since gentle tenderneſs can't touch thy breaſt
I am compell'd to uſe authority.
Dear *Freeman* now a word of your advice.

FREEMAN.

This is a moving ſcene; a tender point.
Oh! madam hear me ſpeak; I am your friend;
Submit yourſelf unto your aged father,
Be not ſo obſtinate; raſhneſs is folly.
What wou'd you have him ſay more than he doth?
Call back your wonted duty e'er too late;
For diſobedience meets a bitter fate.

Miſs BLANDY.

Peace you old dotard; pray correct your own
Am I compell'd to hear you babble too?
Nor him, nor you, nor all mankind beſides,
This day ſhall me detain from *Cranſton*.

Mr. BLANDY.

Enough: I muſt uſe force, tho' with reluctance.
Here *John!* I charge you with my daughter.

Enter ſervant.

Go lock her in my room, and there attend
Till I give further orders.

Miſs. BLANDY.

Yes; drag me where you pleaſe; nor locks, nor bolts,
Nor caſtle walls, ſhall hold me from my love.

Mr. BLANDY.

Away with her, ſhe is delirious.

Exit ſervant dragging Miſs Blandy.

Miſs BLANDY.

Murder! confuſion! Hell go with you all!---

Mr. BLANDY.

Hark ſir! O piercing words; come cloſe my ears.
Sure this one child was born to break my heart.
Was it for this I nurs'd her infant years;
Inculcating each moral that I knew;
Infuſing in her mind each glowing virtue;
Joyous to ſee them riſe from each inſtruction?
What now is life to me?
How happy is the mother of this child,
That moulders undiſturb'd within her tomb!
Wou'd I were with thy ſlumb'ring remains;
For I have liv'd too long---Life is a burden.

Weeps.

FREEMAN.

Grieve not my friend; compoſe your troubled mind.

Rouſe up your languid ſpirits; ſtill have hope.
She is not ruin'd yet, tho' deep in love.
Who knows but gentleneſs and ſtrong perſuaſion
May yet evapourate this gloomy miſt;
Or terminate it to your every wiſh.
And ſay, my friend, in ought if I can ſerve,
You may rely upon my faithfulneſs.
Shall I go make enquiry for the man
That thus diſtracts your child, and bring him here?
Next ſhall I ſearch (for I have friends that know)
His character in life and pedigree?

Mr. BLANDY.

How ſhall I thank my friend for this kind ſervice,
The which with grateful heart I now accept,
And beg you'd condeſcend to go with ſpeed.

FREEMAN.

I haſte with pleaſure; fortune ſmile upon me.

Exit Freeman.

Mr. BLANDY.

He's gone! ſucceſs attend him.
For me, I'm ſtill perplext with hopes and fears;
Hopes that his character may ſtand the teſt,
That peace once more may in this boſom reſt,
That my dear child I quickly may reſtore,
And joy ſucceed, and errors be no more.

But if it be her moſt unhappy fate
To fix affections where ſhe ought to hate,
Then every pleaſing thought I bid adieu,
For I am ruin'd and my daughter too.

Thus when the pregnant earth hath ſwell'd the hopes
Of the poor labouring hind with fruitfull crops,
Pleas'd he recounts the gain againſt the coſt,
When lo! there comes a ſtorm and all is loſt.

End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. BLANDY. *and* FREEMAN.

Mr. BLANDY.

WELCOME dear ſir! pray have you ſeen the captain?

FREEMAN.

I found him at his lodgings near the croſs,
And had a quick admittance to his perſon.

Mr. BLANDY.

And pray what converſation paſs'd between you?

FREEMAN.

I told him I was come from Mr. *Blandy*,
Who earneſtly deſir'd to ſpeak with him;
That ſomething of great moment was the cauſe,
Which made you humbly importune his honour
Not to delay; but haſte to you with ſpeed.

Mr. BLANDY.

What anſwer did he make?

FREEMAN.

Silent he ſtood awhile; his lips turn'd pale.
Full in my face he gaz'd, then forc'd a ſmile;
Then ſighing ſaid, came you from *Mr. Blandy*?
To this I anſwer'd in th' affirmative.

Mr. BLANDY.

Ah! this ſounds gloomy-- proceed.

FREEMAN.

He ſtarted from his ſeat, as if confus'd,
Abruptly made enquiry for your daughter;
Hop'd ſhe was well, and Mr. *Blandy* too;
Then bid me tell you he'd be here this inſtant.
But, Mr. *Freeman*, further he reply'd,
I have an inward dread, ſomething's amiſs;
Or why this ſeeming ſpecial meſſage?
Sir, if you know the cauſe, pray tell me?

Mr. BLANDY.

What cou'd he mean by all theſe doubts?
Pray what reply made you?

FREEMAN.

Prudent I thought it, in this nice affair,
Not to divulge the leaſt of what had paſs'd,
Fearing that it might fruſtrate our intent:
I told him, this was all I had to ſay,

And further, all I knew.

Mr. BLANDY.

'Twas rightly judg'd.---but now I'm at a loſs;
You muſt adviſe me, as it were your ſelf,
How I muſt act.

FREEMAN.

I will: but firſt I beg your daughter's liberty;
Do this with ſpeed, before the captain comes;
For this confinement will inflame her love,
And make his heart premeditate revenge.
And who knows what the conſequence may be?
For I myſelf have known the force of love.
'Tis an unruly paſſion, not ſoon curb'd.
When young, this heart of mine was wounded ſore;
The object was unworthy of my love;
Impertinent, low-born, and ignorant too;
But oh! her perſon it was beautiful!
Yet animated with a ſoul ſo baſe,
I dare not ſay.----Here I lov'd.
Much pains my parents took to quench the fire;
Sometimes with gentle, ſometimes ſharp rebuke:
But it 'twas long, long time, before my breaſt
Enjoy'd its wonted liberty and eaſe.
Her they diſcharg'd, and I was ſent away.

Yet ſtill the viſion danc'd before my Eyes,
Till time and abſence heal'd me by degrees,
And reaſon baniſh'd this fair, foul one, from me.
Hence ſir I give advice from known experience;
Releaſe your daughter; chide her ſtill with ſmiles:
If any thing recalls a heart in love,
It muſt be gentle pity, ſoft advice,
And tender argument; theſe move the ſouls
Of thoſe in love; theſe lull the mind to reſt;
And thus dear friend, I'd have you act.

Mr. BLANDY.

Thus will I act; thou art a real friend:
'Tis not in words, to ſhew the gratitude
That riſes in my breaſt, for thy advice.
One farther favour yet I have to aſk,
That you this inſtant wou'd releaſe my child;
Perchance 'tmay meet a welcomer reception
From you than me.

FREEMAN.

I go with pleaſure to releaſe your daughter;
And wiſh I cou'd as ſoon ſet free her mind,
I'd fly to do't with double ſpeed;
For you, chear up your ſpirits; wait the captain;
Prepare yourſelf for converſe void of paſſion.

For raſhneſs ſtill extirpates ſolid reaſon,
And that diſcourſe ſounds beſt, that's ſpoke in ſeaſon. *Exit Freeman*

Manet Mr. BLANDY.

How bleſt am I in this dear, ſocial friend,
When e'er he ſpeaks what cogent accents flow!
What ſweet advice! My aged ears cou'd liſten,
For ever to his wiſdom, nor be cloy'd;
Bear up my ſpirits; hope I now will ſeize thee
Why ſhou'd I droop, till I have real cauſe?
My daughter may, (who knows?)take *Freeman*'s counſel,
Then all is well.---Then I'll excuſe her fondneſs;
'Tis natural to love; our ſouls are form'd
For mutual bliſs, and ſympathetic joys.
What pleaſing thoughts flow in upon my mind?
Methinks old age is fled; I'm young again;
I feel freſh ſpirits flow in every vein;
Grant ye bleſt powers, that rule all things below,
Theſe riſing hopes may never end in woe.

Exit Mr. Blandy

SCENE II.

Enter Miſs. BLANDY *and* LUCY.

Miſs BLANDY.

Didſt thou not hear this baſe diſſembling *Freeman*?
Gods! what a lecture has the dotard preach'd!
Then, to inforce the doctrine on my mind,
Preſented me with liberty.
I'm pleas'd full well I chanc'd to be faſt lock'd
Within the room; this will deceive my father;
He knows not of our ſchemes, but thought me faſt,
As one for theft, or murder, pent in *Newgate*.

LUCY.

True madam; theſe old men have form'd a plan,
And laid their wiſe, experienc'd heads together.
I can but ſmile at their ſtupidity;
Our fertile wit ſhall brave 'em to their face;
Weak ſimple wretches! Cou'd they be ſo vain
To think I cou'd not free you without them?
But let them grovel on in their dark road;
The blind does lead the blind, they both muſt fall;

Our ſchemes ſhall prove the rugged prec'pice,
That once but ſtep'd on, hurls them to their ruin.

Miſs Blandy.

I now have try'd thee, *Lucy*, in affliction;
Sincere thou proves; witneſs this ring of keys
By thee procur'd, theſe force the ſtrongeſt locks;
Cranſton adds ſtrength unto this female arm,
Which could, with eaſe, force ope a caſtle gate,
To clear my paſſage to him.

Lucy.

Peace; let us keep the ſecret to ourſelves;
Seem thankful for your generous deliverance;
Flatter your father with a feign'd obedience;
Be gentle, and ſubmiſſive to his will;
Let fall ſome feigned tears and crave his pardon,
And outwardly comply with all he ſays.
This is the way to gain our wiſh'd-for point;
This do, and you ſhall be a bride to-day.

Miſs. Blandy.

Excellent thought! ---I do approve the fraud;
Hence thou ſhalt know the ſecrets of my ſoul.
And ſee the inward ſprings that give it motion.
Thus will I act.---Oh! yonder comes my *Cranſton*.

Depart not *Lucy*, for thou now ſhalt ſtay
And hear what the dear man can further dictate.

Enter C. CRANSTON.

C. CRANSTON.

Oh happy moment! bleſt indulgent hour!
That gratifies, in part, my fondeſt wiſh;
To thee I fly;---to gaze upon thee thus,
Charms my eyes more than rich *Peruvian* ſpoils:
What makes my dear ſo penſive?

Miſs BLANDY.

There's cauſe for this;---in me behold a wretch,
Whoſe only fault is love, fond man, for you;
I have been lab'ring under cloſe confinement;
My cruel father gave his man command
To drag me hence, and lock me ſafe from you;
But, by what happy chance I cannot ſay,
I'm now reſtor'd to liberty and you.
Oh *Cranſton*! take me; let us part no more
For having you, a priſon is a kingdom!

C. CRANSTON.

Confuſion! What tale is this? Am I awake?
Yes that I am; my eyes behold my angel;
My arms infold the greateſt bliſs on earth;

But what is this I've heard ?
Curſe on the hand which dar'd that bold attempt;
Curſe on the tongue that utter'd the command;
Had I been here this ſword ſhou'd, inſtantly,
Have ſent the daſtards headlong to perdition.

Miſs BLANDY.

Forbear, dear ſir, this rage;
All, all is well; thanks to this truſty friend;
For next to you, ſhe dwells within this heart;
Inſtruct us both, how you wou'd have us act,
And doubt not the performance.

C. CRANSTON.

Patience, till I have waited on your father;
Freeman hath lately been for me in haſte;
I muſt and will go know what 'tis he wants;
If he be peaceful, I ſhall be the ſame;
But if he frowns I'll frown as oft as he,
And venture life and ſoul to make thee mine.

Miſs BLANDY.

Take this advice; be calm towards my father;
Flatter his vanity; feed every hope;
And, when I ſee him next, I'll do the ſame.

C. CRANSTON.

Leave that to me ; doubt not my eloquence ;
I'll ſooth him firſt by ſoft pathetic ſpeeches ;
Tell how we love each other to diſtraction,
If he proves deaf to this, 'tis then high time
For lies, and vows, and falſhoods to throw in :
Theſe trifling crimes the god of love commands ;
Theſe are the incenſe offer'd at love's altar ;
Hence prepoſſeſs'd that I ſhall meet ſucceſs,
I go---In hopes to bring thee joyful tidings.

Exit C. Cranſton.

LUCY

Who cou'd forbear but love a man like this ?
How ſweet each dear, ſoft word flows from his tongue ?
How bravely dares he ſtill atteſt his paſſion ?
Each word he ſpeaks will make the old man tremble,
And force him to comply againſt his will ;
Oh ! madam, you are happy.

Miſs BLANDY.

Happy I am not yet ; my bliſs hangs doubtful ;
We cannot call one earthly bleſſing ours ;
But what's poſſeſt ; futurity's uncertain.

'Tis true one elevated hope inſpires my mind;
If *Cranſton* proves ſincere, then, then I'm happy.

LUCY.

Sincere!---Pray whence this doubt? He muſt be true;
Shou'd he prove falſe I'll ne'er truſt man again,
But henceforth will deſpiſe their perjur'd ſex,
And hate the name, of huſband, friend, or lover.

Miſs **BLANDY.**

Shou'd he deceive me---hate were ſmall revenge,
For the deſpis'd ſtill laughs at the deſpiſer;
To hate, is only to perplex ourſelves
With empty wiſhes, that ſome weighty curſe
May fall and cruſh the perſon we abhor.
Shou'd he prove falſe,--(which heaven forbid,)
Like peſtilential air, I'll ſpread revenge,
Yea poiſon, murder, laſh to death with ſcorpions,
Tear off the fleſh with ſaws, and burning pincers,
Then pluck his heart, and tongue up by the roots,
And beg *Pandora* to bequeath her box,
That I might open it and blaſt mankind!
But whither does this headſtrong frenzy lead?
No more,----I'll think him true.

LUCY.

Madam, I fear too much I have diſturb'd
Your noble ſpirit, your exalted ſoul;
Pardon my raſhneſs; when I mention'd falſneſs,
I did not mean to diſcompoſe your peace.

Miſs BLANDY.

I'm not diſturb'd; 'tis only jealous fancy;
Our thoughts will often view the darkeſt ſide,
And ruminate upon the worſt can hap.

From black ideas dread of evil ſprings,
As wand'ring fancy leads we judge of things;
So tender infants ſmile in pleaſing dreams;
The ſailor thinks he falls, and beats the ſtreams;
At our own thoughts, with joy, or grief, perplext,
We gayly ſmile, or ſullenly are vext.

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. BLANDY. *and* FREEMAN.

Mr. BLANDY.

DID not you ſay you had releas'd my daughter?
Pray how did ſhe behave? With inſolence?

FREEMAN.

Quite the reverſe; ſo humble and ſo mild,
Such gratitude and filial duty ſhone
In every action and in every word,
As rais'd, at once, both wonder and eſteem.

Mr. BLANDY.

Thou dear rejoicer of my aged heart,
With thee I pity and reſpect her too;
For didſt thou know the inward pangs I've felt,
'Twixt love and duty, ſince her ſhort confinement,
Thou wou'd condole with me ----
But I am eas'd; thy meſſage is the cordial.
This aged body yet may ſleep in peace,

And the ſhort fragment of my days to come,
Be crown'd with comfort, and ſerenely paſs,
Bleſt in a dutiful, obedient child.

FREEMAN.

Ne'er doubt her reaſon will o'ercome her paſſion;
She moulds herſelf intirely to your will;
Beſeech'd me that with you I'd intercede,
This once, to pardon her firſt, worſt of crimes,
And ſhe will never diſcompoſe you more,
But make her duty pleaſure.

Mr. BLANDY.

Quick let me ſee her; fetch her to theſe arms,
And let me ſeal her pardon with a kiſs;
Yea pour ten thouſand bleſſings on her head.
Cranſton, come now, convince me of thy honour;
I will not many hours retard your bliſs.
I know ſhe loves him almoſt to diſtraction.
Oh! that he may prove worthy of her love
I'll give conſent---Till that appears I muſt
Withhold: I cannot give my daughter.
But ſee he comes; ſmiles play around his eyes;
May truth dwell in his heart.

Enter C. CRANSTON.

C. CRANSTON.

Health, peace and comfort flow on Mr. *Blandy.*

I hope your goodneſs will excuſe my ſtay:
Some buſineſs of importance interven'd,
Or I had flown to wait on your command.

Mr. BLANDY.

All's well captain; I joy to ſee you;
For I'm inform'd to-morrow you depart,
I think my daughter told me to the north.
Soon as I heard, I ſent my friend with ſpeed
To beg you'd not delay, but quickly come;
For I have buſineſs of great moment with you,
And I preſume you may divine the cauſe.
Captain you know I have a daughter.

C. CRANSTON.

I'm conſcious of the cauſe, and beg indulgence,
Time flies apace; ſhortly I muſt be gone:
To morrow parts me from the richeſt treaſure
That this terraqueous globe contains.
This treaſure, this ineſtimable jewel
That lies ſo near my heart, is your dear daughter,
Are you a ſtranger to the love I bear her?
It cannot be; theſe very ſighs convince
How ſtrong my paſſion burns, how hot my flame.
Then do take pity;---give conſent and bleſs me,
Yea make us happy e'er it be too late;
For joy, or miſery, this day muſt reign.

Mr. **BLANDY.**

I judg'd you made addreſſes to my daughter;
But little did conceive things gone ſo far:
Never before this time gave you one hint,
Or e'en in mirth did aſk my approbation:
Thus ſtrongly to petition ſeems too raſh;
Something too ſudden to be real love.
Tho' I have us'd you with reſpect and friendſhip,
Pleas'd and delighted with your converſation,
And always met you with a kind reception,
Yet this affair demands premeditation.
I'm but a ſtranger to your birth or fortune;
Excuſe my doubts;---tho' I reſpect the army,
Nor one more zealous for his country's good,
Yet dire experience often proves this truth,
That military men are great intreaguers,
And in affairs of love too oft deceive.

C. **CRANSTON.**

I cannot blame your making this remark,
Too often true; yet not without exceptions.
We ought not to condemn the whole for ſome.
For my own conduct only I can anſwer.
This heart's ſincere; truth is it's greateſt honour;
Not but I boaſt of birth from noble blood;

My father and my grandſire both were peers:
Yea, I cou'd trace my family's deſcent
Long e'er the conqueror enſlav'd this iſle.
My brother was a lord, it was my curſe
To enter into life ſome days too late,
For ſounding titles and a large eſtate;
But what are theſe? meer trifles weigh'd with love;
That's the fruition of the bleſt above.
The gods have lov'd who are of race divine,
Then why not I? oh! make your daughter mine.
Pleas'd I'll ſurvey vain titles, tinſel ſhow;
Give me but her I've every wiſh below.

Mr. BLANDY.

I ſtand confus'd to hear you thus declare
Your paſſion in ſuch ſtrong, pathetic ſtrains;
They ſcarce permit one doubt to riſe againſt you.
I know my daughter loves as well as you;
Early this morn ſhe gave her paſſion vent
In terms as warm as yours, if that can be,
But wilder far; for when ſhe aſk'd conſent,
E'er I cou'd ſpeak ſhe gave herſelf an anſwer;
Yea ſum'd up all with theſe rebellious words;
I'll have him come what will, conſent or not.
Captain, you'll own this was undutiful;
But I forgive this rage, this ſtorm of love;

'Tis calmer now, and ſhe condemns her raſhneſs;
With milder reaſon, and becoming duty,
Leaves the deciſion of the caſe to me.
'Tis here I'm loſt---you both profeſs ſtrong love,
The ſame affections, the ſame mutual flame:
They fall too ſudden on this aged head;
'Tis not like vig'rous youth, that ſoon reſolves;
Age muſt have time to judge with cool reflection;
Slowly the ſpirits flow at ſeventy years;
We call up paſt experience to our aid,
We ponder the events, and languidly reſolve.

C. CRANSTON.

Juſt are your ſentiments; I think the ſame,
And oh! did time permit my longer ſtay,
With pleaſure wou'd I wait your own good time;
Till you had ſatisfy'd each riſing doubt,
That hope, or fear, or joy, or love can dictate!
But if or truth, or honour, dwells with men,
Or what is call'd ſincerity exiſts,
Then hear me and believe---here, here it dwells.

(Pointing to his breaſt)

No broken vows ſit heavy on this breaſt;
Bleſt with an eaſy fortune, free from debts;
Noble by birth, my conſtitution ſtrong,
Not broken by debauches---and my mind

Knows not one paſſion, but the force of love.
If theſe don't make me worthy of your daughter,
Oh! hear the voice of love, our mingled ſighs,
Our plighted troths and ſolemn proteſtations,
Let theſe prevail on you to make us happy.

Mr. BLANDY.

Tho' I have doubts, I'm not devoid of faith;
Each word you've ſpoke may be ſincere and juſt:
Words may prove falſe, ſtill actions prove the man;
Cou'd I perſuade myſelf, pleas'd I d comply.
Here let me pauſe--- Shall I truſt to his honour?
It muſt be ſo--- *Aſide*
Come nearer to me *Cranſton.*
I do adjure thee by unbias'd conſcience,
That inward ſpring that bubbles from the heart,
That ſilently condemns the treacherous tongue
And ſpreads confuſion o'er the face of guilt,
If thou wilt thus appeal to thy own heart,
Thou cannot be ſo vile to ſwear a falſhood.
I muſt believe thee.---I muſt make thee mine.

Cranſton *Kneels and trembles.*

C. CRANSTON.

I tremble with the vaſt exceſſive joy;
But witneſs conſcience! witneſs, Earth and ſeas,

Witneſs thou ſun that lights this hemiſphere,
And thou, O father of the univerſe,
With all th' unnumber'd throng that dwell in heaven,
Bow down your ears, one moment bear me record,
If every word I've ſpoke be not ſincere,
So judge me heaven according to my truth;
Bleſs me with peace;--or blaſt me in my youth.

Mr. **BLANDY.**

It is too much; hence every doubt away
Riſe *Cranſton*, riſe!---Thou art my ſon to-day.

Riſes.

C. **CRANSTON.**

What gratitude can pay this generous act?
Was I to live a thouſand years to come,
And kneel to claſp your aged knees each hour,
The debt I owe wou'd yet remain immenſe;
But ſince this cannot be, you ſtill ſhall find
In me a ſon that's dutiful and kind;
Each day I'll meditate returns of love,
And every hour my gratitude improve.
My ſpouſe ſhall join to make you doubly bleſt,
And all our ſtrife be which ſhall pleaſe you beſt.
But oh! ſuch vaſt delight does overflow,
I ſtrait muſt fly to let my charmer know,
To eaſe her wounded heart and baniſh every woe.

Exit Cranſton.

Mr. BLANDY.

Well *Freeman* thou has been an evidence
To this tranſaction; tell me what think'ſt thou?
Say have I acted right or wrong?

FREEMAN.

I cannot judge: If there be faith in man
Your actions will prove right; but if he's falſe
Your honourable, free conſent, proves wrong.

Mr. BLANDY.

I have indeed conſented come what will;
Th' event muſt prove him perjured or true:
Yet ſtill I fear I have been over haſty,
Too raſh to bid him riſe my ſon to-day.
When I ſpoke this a trembling ſeiz'd my heart,
And a cold ſweat did then bedew my face.
Thrice my ears tingled with a hollow groan;
Three times I op'd my mouth yet cou'd not ſpeak;
But whether this reſulted from old age,
Which cannot bear exceſs of grief, or joy,
Or an anticipation of ſome ill,
Some dire event, ſome ſcheme yet unreveal'd;
Away all doubts; I'll truſt to heaven's diſpoſal.

FREEMAN.

With you I hope the beſt; yet, to ſpeak freely,

I think you've been full raſh to give your daughter
To one whoſe oaths may all prove falſe.

Mr. BLANDY.

Freeman that's true; but I muſt run the hazzard;
I cannot, will not, act againſt my word.
I hold my promiſe ſacred as an oath,
And will perform my part ſoon as requir'd.

Enter WRITEWELL *with a letter.*

So *Writewell*; what have you got there?

WRITEWELL.

It is a letter comes from *Edinburgh*,
Directed, ſir, for you.

Mr. BLANDY.

From *Edinburgh*? Who can it come from there?
I have no correſpondent that I know of.

FREEMAN.

Pray let me ſee't, I think I know the hand:
[*Gives him the Letter*.
Yes that I do; 'tis from a friend of mine:
Excuſe me, for I wrote to this my kinſman,
Deſiring he with ſpeed wou'd write to you,
What character one captain *Cranſton* bore.
I urg'd him further to ſearch out the truth,

And ſend th' contents to you ;- told him the cauſe,
That he was going to eſpouſe your daughter.
I only beg you'll pardon my preſumption
In doing this without conſulting you.
Theſe lines perhaps may juſtly paint the man,
And prove him worthy for a ſon or not.
'Tis happy ſure they come juſt at this time.
Two hours hence they might have been too late,
To prove the captain's truth or his deceit.

Mr. Blandy.

Freſh inſtances of friendſhip ſtill I find ;
Each day you are more dear to me than other.
Give me the letter ; I'm on the rack to read it.
[Gives it him
This, this will juſtify or elſe condemn
Me and the captain jointly at one time.
If he be falſe 'twill prove his perjury,
And me condemn for weak credulity.
Breaks open the Letter and reads

Dear, unknown friend !

I make bold to call you ſo, becauſe I find you dear to my kinſman, Mr. Freeman.--- I hope this advice may come early enough to ſave your only daughter from the treacherous deſigns of a profli-
gate

gate villain, and a wicked deceiver.---I am ſorry to add that ſuch is the character of captain Cranſton,*---for to my certain knowledge, he hath in this city, a lawfull wife and a child. Therefore to guard againſt his vile deſign to ruin your daughter, is not only the advice but earneſt wiſh of ſir, your very humble ſervant,*

PHILALETHES.

P. S. With this I have ſent a certificate ſign'd by the miniſter that married the captain.

Mr. **BLANDY.**

Oh! timely, bleſt diſcovery!
My deareſt friend peruſe theſe lines.

[*Gives the Letter.*

I tremble. Oh! I faint---take hold of me.

[*Trembling.*

Villany to perfection.

Freeman *reads the Letter and returns it.*

It can't be feign'd; it muſt be true.
Your friend did ſend it----
Oh! I am ſick----let me ſit down.

[*Sits down.*

FREEMAN.

I'm greatly ſhock'd, dear friend, at the contents;

A greater ſcoundrel breaths not upon earth!
But do call up your ſinking ſpirits:
Reflect 'tis not too late; all's well as yet.
Your daughter ſtill may 'ſcape; they are not married.
This ſure will make her hate the perjur'd wretch,
That with ſuch treachery had plan'd her ruin.

WRITEWELL.

Dear Sir take comfort and rejoice; for me,
I am ſo far from grieving in this caſe,
My heart o'erflows with joy at the diſcovery,
And feels ſo ſtrong the friendly warmth I can't
Forbear to join in thanks to *Freeman*;
And oh! to heaven what gratitude is due,
That by ſuch timely aid, has ſav'd your daughter
Both ſure demand moſt warm, ſincere returns.

Mr. BLANDY.

True words indeed.----Here firſt I will begin.
[*Kneels.*
O thou great ruler of the univerſe!
Who, at one comprehenſive view, beholds
Paſt, preſent, future, as one point of time;
To whom the dark receſſes of the heart
Lie full diſclos'd, tho' hidden from mankind,
Accept this glowing gratitude of ſoul;

Let it aſcend pure incenſe on thine altar,
That in the very moment of completion,
Hath ſav'd my child from treachery and ruin.
To thee I bow; oh! guard her future days;
[*Riſes.*
And thou, my friend, thus let me preſs thy hand,
Thus hold thee to my breaſt; let this ſuffice,
For I want words, to ſpeak the love I bear thee.

Enter Miſs BLANDY *and kneels.*

Miſs. BLANDY.

Thus humbly do I kneel to aſk your pardon.
Deareſt of Parents;---do forgive my crime;
Henceforth I ever will be dutiful;
No more your aged heart will I diſturb.

Mr. BLAnNY.

Riſe my dear Daughter, comfort of my age.
I weep for joy and grief both in an inſtant.
Thy duty and obedience melts my heart.
I pardon and I pity thee at once.
Here in this hand I hold what more than kills thee:
I cannot, dare not, muſt not, let thee ſee't.

Miſs BLANDY.

What does my father mean? Oh! ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak:

Be ſpeedy, let me know the worſt.

_Mr._ BLANNY.

All I can ſay, this is a treach'rous world;
Made up of perjuries and vile deceit.
Here! here, I hold a friendly, dreadful ſcrole,
The moſt unfortunate and the moſt happy,
That e'er was writ at once.

Miſs BLANDY.

I cannot fathom this myſterious point:
Dear ſir explain.------I die unleſs I know.

_Mr._ BLANDY.

If it be death already whilſt unknown,
'Twill give thee thouſand deaths reveal'd;
But *Writewell*, here take this and read it o'er;
It muſt be done whate'er's the conſequence.

[*Gives him the letter.*

WRITEWELL.

Madam I'm griev'd to tell you this ſad tale,
To point out to you the moſt bar'brous man,
The vileſt wretch that ever liv'd on earth;
But not to hold you longer in ſuſpence,
Prepare yourſelf to hear theſe lines of truth.

Reads the letter------Miſs Blandy *faints.*

FREEMAN.

Writewell you've been too haſty; ſee ſhe faints.

Mr. Blandy *raiſing her up ſhe faints again.*

Mr. BLANDY.

Oh! my dear child, do ſpeak unto thy father.
She's gone again,---- Reſtore her e'er too late.

[*She recovers.*

FREEMAN.

Madam how do you find yourſelf? peace, peace;
The wretch you grieve for is not worth one ſigh.

Miſs BLANDY.

What have I heard? My heart, my heart is broke.
If this be true I'm numb'red with the dead;
But ſure it never, never can be ſo.
If oaths or imprecations, can cauſe faith,
Or vows that deities are call'd to witneſs;
If theſe reſult from hearts that are ſincere,
Cranſton ne'er had, nor will have wife, but me.

FREEMAN.

Dry up thoſe tears and weep not for a villain.
That letter proves him ſuch; tis from my friend;
From one that knows the captain's lawful wife.
You may confide in this; 'tis ſtrictly true.

Miſs BLANDY.

If this be genuine,---Farewel vain world!
No more I'll e'er believe the fondeſt man.
I'll bid adieu to hope and life itſelf.
Why did you once invite him to your houſe?
Why did you give him the leaſt glimpſe of hope?
Or tell him that his friendſhip you eſteem'd.
I cannot ſtand this ſhock; for I confeſs
I love him even unto mad diſtraction.

Mr. BLANDY.

Call up your reaſon; think upon your honour;
Nor vainly love the man that's ſo unjuſt.

Miſs BLANDY.

Talk not of honour! Tell me not of reaſon;
Since now my fondeſt wiſhes are deſtroy'd:
Yet I'm perſuaded,---yes it muſt be ſo,
That this is all a ſcheme, a plot contriv'd,
To drive my deareſt *Cranſton* from my breaſt.
No, no; he's true, but I'm o'erwelm'd in grief.
I muſt retire and give my paſſion vent.

Exit Miſs Blandy.

FREEMAN.

Alaſs! I'm ſorry that ſuch ſtrong affections
Shou'd ever be conferr'd on one ſo hateful:

But tho' her grief at preſent is ſevere,
His ſtay is ſhort, and abſence is a cure.

Mr. BLANDY.

How changeable are all things here below?
How does blind fortune whirl about her wheel,
And bring up joys or ſorrows in an inſtant!
I, who ſtood on the verge of happineſs,
Am now like fallen angels hurl'd from bliſs;
Nor ſee one ray of all the former light.
What will be the event? I dare not think.
Did ſhe not ſay I love him to diſtraction?
Deſtruction ſhe might ſay---if ſhe perſiſts
In loving him --Come friends lets go.
I'm ſick of life; the crazy load gives way;
And grief will preſs me to my kindred clay:
No glimpſe of peace this weary breaſt can know:
The paſt gives pain, the future adds unto my woe.

End of the third Act.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter C. CRANSTON, *and Miſs* BLANDY.

C. CRANSTON.

WHERE haſt thou been ſo long, my deareſt
bliſs?
My life, my love, yea nearer to me ſtill,
My tender wife; thou'rt now my better part.
The gods have ſmil'd propitious on our loves,
And jointly made us one; now call me thine.
Thy father now conſents, he grants our boon,
And this day makes us happy.
But why thoſe downcaſt looks? Why heaves thy
breaſt?
Why ſtand thoſe precious fountains in thy eyes,
That ſilently o'erflow and drop like pearls,
Succeſſive down thy glowing cheeks?
Is this thy meeting me with equal flame?
Can joy cauſe tears?---Yes, for exceſs of bliſs
Is harder to be bore than languid grief.
Away ye vain extreams; dry up thoſe tears;
Let ſmiles ſucceed; and to enhance thoſe ſmiles,

Thus, thus I bound into thy much-lov'd arms,
And make thee mine for ever. [*Starts back,*
Ah! weeping ſtill?---What can this mean?

Miſs BLANDY.

Oh captain!---you have broke a tender heart.
Ungrateful, moſt ungenerous, and unkind;
From hence I'll bid adieu to faithleſs man.
One laſt farewel unto the world and you.
I now am ſick of life, therefore will try
If grief don't kill, ſome ſpeedy way to die.

C. CRANSTON.

What do I hear? You quite unman me:
Ungrateful man, ungenerous, and unkind,
Did ſhe not ſay?--By heaven I ſtand confus'd.
Is it ingratitude to make thee mine?
Was it ungenerous then to aſk thy father?
Or is it villainy to act with honour?
I cannot comprehend from whence the cauſe.
Explain with ſpeed, or I ſhall burſt with thought.
To meet my extacy with ſighs and tears,
Vile exclamations and ſevere reflections!
I cannot, cannot bear it.---You are falſe;
I muſt retort upon you, call you baſe;
Is this your mutual flame? Adieu to love.

Miſs BLANDY.

My love was pure ; you dare not think it falſe ;
You cannot tax me with diſſimulation
But I have cauſe indeed to ſcorn the wretch
That meditates my ruin.
For oh ! what have I heard and lately ſeen ?
If it be truth dare not to ſtay and hear it,
But fly with ſpeed and leave me to my griefs,
Thou monſter more than man !

C. CRANSTON.

What ! am I here commanded to depart,
Condemn'd, and ſentence paſs'd, nor know m
crime ?
Here will I ſtand, ſecure in innocence,
And laugh at all aſperſions.
Yet I conjure thee, by the powers divine,
To tell me whence the cauſe, and eaſe my doubts.
Tho' it be ſome curſt lye, ſome ſecret plot,
Invented thus to blaſt our riſing hopes
In the meridian of expected joys ;
And if it be, eternal woe to him
That plann'd the diabolic plott,

Miſs BLANDY.

With ardent prayers I wiſh it ſo might prove ;

Then the aſperſion wou'd encreaſe my paſſion ;
For what with deep affliction wounds my heart
Is that my much-lov'd *Cranſton* has a wife.
In evidence they ſhew a letter from a friend,
Who writes you have a lawful wife and child ;
If this be ſo, fly from my ſight with ſpeed,
Nor cauſe my faithful breaſt afreſh to bleed.

C. CRANSTON.

A wife! oh! horrid lye! oh curſed plott!
A wife! what demon cou'd invent this tale ?
I ſwear by all the heavenly hoſts above,
By hell, yea by the *Stygian Lake* ;--but what are
words ?
I need them not to clear my innocence ;
For here I ſtand with open, naked breaſt,
Then take this ſword and ſheath it in my heart ;
If thou canſt think me falſe, freely I go, [*Gives*
For death is ſweeter far than living woe.

***Miſs* BLANDY.**

I cannot ſearch your heart ; fain wou'd I judge
That you are true, if there be truth on earth.
In earneſt of my faith retake your ſword [*Returns it*
And vindicate my honour and your own.

C. CRANSTON.

Again the vital blood flows round my heart,
And

And love and hatred do by turns poſſeſs me;
This truſty ſword ſhall quick unſheath itſelf,
And dart, like lightning, to defend my honour.
The founder of this plott muſt be your father;
He's ruminating how to blaſt our hopes;
Tho' I confeſs to me 'tis ſomething ſtrange
His mind ſo ſoon ſhou'd vary.
But let the dotard think himſelf ſecure,
I'll countermine his plan; by heaven I will.
'Tis juſtice to ſtand firm in ſelf-defence,
'Tis the firſt law in nature.
Oh! happy thought, thrice welcome to my breaſt,
Adhere to what I dictate and be bleſt.

Miſs BLANDY.

You know I love; this is my deepeſt wound;
For oh! my cruel father never will conſent.
We part to meet no more;---(bitter reflection!)
He never, never, never will agree;
Nothing can alter his reſolves thus fixt;
For tears and ſighs and prayers are all in vain;
Then whence reſults your hope?

C. CRANSTON.

Hope, ſays my dear? 'tis ſtronger far than hope;
For he that reſts on hope is oft deceiv'd.

'Tis real certainty I build upon :
This is my firm foundation.
Then be attentive, for the time is ſhort ;
We muſt diſpatch the buſineſs ſpeedily.
For that's the point where all does centre.
Say will you part with me, or with your father ?

Miſs. BLANDY.

I cannot comprehend your meaning.
Part with my captain or my father ?
If this was the grand point and I to ſolve it,
Look on my eyes ; there take a ſilent anſwer,
And quick inform me how to part with one.

C. CRANSTON.

You cannot be ſo dull of apprehenſion.
Me and your father now are fire and Water,
Nor can we e'er unite, till one's o'ercome.
He proves himſelf a tyrant ;---you're his ſlave.
What ! have a fortune of ten thouſand pounds,
And be a dupe to babbling dotage ?
To love, be lov'd, and yet not taſte its ſweets ;
But, nun-like, ſhut from Man.---'Tis monſt'rous ſure :
In ſhort, I muſt and will explain my thoughts.
Thou knowſt my flame's ſo ſtrong, it muſt conſume me,

Unleſs with mutual love thou add freſh fuel.
I ne'er had wife, nor will have one but thee.
Then hear me and approve my ſcheme.
Behold this powder ; this can make us happy ;
This cures the frantic madneſs of the brain,
And makes old age agree with vig'rous youth ;
Takes off aſperſions, by its magic force,
And frees the lover from compulſion's curſe.
Give this unto your father with all ſpeed,
And I am yours, and you from him are freed :
But if you do this laſt reſource deny,
Adieu---Then let him live, and *Cranſton* die.

Miſs BLANDY.

Stop flutt'ring heart ; let thought be void a while ;
Sure ſome malignant ſtar rul'd at my birth,
And hung a chain of ſtrong misfortunes round me.
What can I ſay ?--What think ?--How muſt I act ?
Diſtraction tingles thro' my dizzy ears ;
Oh ! that I'd ne'er been born ; (vain empty wiſh !)
Hold ye tumultuous thoughts.----To part with *Cranſton* ;
It cannot, muſt not be----With my father ?
Deſperate injunction ! Is there no other way !
No milder remedy at hand than this
To gain a lover, but deſtroy a father ?

Oh captain, deareſt captain, think once more.

C. CRANSTON.

Urge me not to reflect; 'tis all in vain;
I'm fixt in this reſolve firm as the poles.
If you your father do ſo much adore,
Farewell!---you never ſhall ſee *Cranſton* more.

Miſs BLANDY.

Tarry one moment; give me time to pauſe:
Surely beyond all beings I am curſt.
To part with you is death unto myſelf;
To bid you ſtay is death unto a father.
Muſt I deſtroy the being gave me breath!
Or loſe the man, for whom alone I live?
Was ſuch a caſe as mine e'er known before?
Trembling I bid you ſtay; ungrateful man!
Give me the powder,----oh! I am ſick.

[*Giving it.*

C. CRANSTON.

'Tis there;--- away with all theſe trifling fears,
Adhere to what I dictate; all is well.
By nature's courſe his glaſs is almoſt run;
'Tis only earthing an old, tottering carcaſs,
Some days, or weeks, perchance, before the time.

Miſs. BLANDY.

Oh! Love how ſtrongly do I feel thy force?
Thou art a God, a Devil, a Heaven, a Hell;
Yea more than heart can think, or tongue can tell.

C. CRANSTON.

Philoſophiſing ſtill? hard-hearted woman!
If you do love me follow my advice.
Lucy I know is a firm confident.
Confide in her and in conjunction act;
Let fall ſomewords that ſomething haunts the houſe;
That muſic in your father's room was heard,
And that you fear this muſt portend ſome death.
This will alarm, and pave rugged the way,
Securing us againſt the worſt can hap.

Miſs BLANDY.

Well ſince it muſt be ſo, farewell to duty;
I bid adieu to tender, ſoft compaſſion,
To filial duty and parental Love.
Thus will I act; but oh! my deareſt captain,
Tell me once more is this a falſe aſperſion?

C. CRANSTON.

Hell and deſtruction! Still miſtruſt my honour?
No more I'll ſwear; here take my hand and heart;
If falſe ſtill, may I be a vagabond,
And die unpity'd in ſome foreign land.

Enter *Lucy*.

Miſs BLANDY.

Welcome my *Lucy* in this time of need;
I and my *Cranſton* now require thy aid:
Be true and hence be happy.

LUCY.

Madam inſtruct me how I'm to ſerve you,
And your commands with pleaſure I'll obey.

C. CRANSTON.

Well ſpoke my girl;---come nearer to me *Lucy*.
Take this as token of a greater gift;
[*Gives money*.
Be true and faithful to my dear Miſs *Blandy*,
And doubt not I'll reward thy virtues.

LUCY.

Moſt noble captain I'm your humble ſlave.

C. CRANSTON.

Enough; now jointly act the plot that's laid;
I'll change my lodging and await th' event.
Mind what you write; I've told you where to find
me.
Let *Lucy* be the truſty meſſenger,
And write with caution how the whole ſucceeds;

I'll anſwer you with hints of freſh advice ;
Till then adieu ; give me a parting kiſs ;
For time is ſhort, be quick,---ſucceſs attend you.

Miſs BLANDY.

I tremble for to part e'en for a moment ;
Something hangs weighty on my penſive breaſt ;
Freſh doubts ariſe that do forbode no good.
My dear farewel, I go with fearful heart,
To put in practice this ſad ſcene of woe.

C. CRANSTON.

Away with doubts and fears, think on the beſt ;
There is no other way to make us bleſt.
Adviſe with *Lucy* ; hence adieu my love ;
Now let your actions your affections prove.

[*Exit* Cranſton.

Miſs BLANDY.

Come hither *Lucy*, now my *Cranſton*'s gone ;
If thou prove true, the day that we are wed
Five hundred pounds I'll give thee for a fortune ;
This ſhall moſt certainly be thy reward.

LUCY.

Dear madam you're too kind ; the beſt of ladies,
And I will ſerve you, be it e'er ſo hard ;

I'm not a bad one at intreagues;
You know my talent lies this way; proceed
To dictate, I'll proceed to action.

Miſs BLANDY.

Thou'rt no ſtranger to my fickle father;
This day he had conſented we ſhou'd wed,
When inſtantly old *Freeman* and himſelf
Contriv'd this method to o'erturn the whole.
They ſhew a letter from ſome wretch in *Scotland*,
Who ſays my *Cranſton* has a wife and child,
And that his dealings with me are deluſive.
But if ſuch thing there is, as truth in man,
Or vows, or oaths bear any force on earth,
It is and muſt be falſe ----falſe I believe it.
One only way remains to make us happy:
And tho' it is a bitter remedy
My *Cranſton* ſays there is no other left.
Behold this powder; this my captain gave,
And this I'll give unto my tyrant father;
'Twill ſend him hence, for whilſt he lives 'tis plain
I and my captain ne'er muſt go together.
Thy part is this---go and alarm the houſe;
Say thou haſt heard muſic, ſtrange hollow groans,
And ſeen my father's apparition paſs

Three times from out his ſtudy to his chamber;
Then *ſhriek*, & mimic nervous, ſtrong convulſions.
Aver the viſion dances ſtill before thee;
I'll come with ſpeed and will aſſert the ſame
And this prepares the way for future action.

LUCY.

Oh! horrid act, I cannot bear the thought;
But then five hundred pounds; aye that's the point;
'Tis not ſo bad [*Aſide.*]---I'll act my part.

Miſs BLANDY.

The powder I'll adminiſter myſelf:
I know the time my father drinks his gruel,
I'll mingle ſuch a potion in his cup
It ſhall be certain death to drink it.
So ſpeedy no ſuſpicion ſhall appear.
Now to thy taſk, dear *Lucy*, prove ſincere,

LUCY.

Madam I go at your requeſt with pleaſure:
Obſerve the time, and when you hear the noiſe
Of ſhrieks, and cries, and all the houſe in uproar,
Be ſure be ready to aſſiſt herein.

Miſs BLADNY.

Away my *Lucy*, every fear diſpel;

And when thou ſhrieks that inſtant I'll appear.
[*Exit Lucy*
Now left unto myſelf how ſtarts my ſoul.
Oh! how I tremble at the bare reflection:
Away theſe thoughts; oh! conſcience, cou'd I bribe thee,
I'd give thee all I have or hope but *Cranſton*.
Did I ſay *Cranſton*? thence freſh courage ſprings;
For him I'd act ten thouſand deſp'rate things;
But ſee my father comes with ſpeed this way,
Now love and *Cranſton* aid me what to ſay.

Enter Mr. BLANDY. *and* FREEMAN.

Mr. BLANDY.

Peace to my deareſt child; joy of my age;
My only hope and comfort here on earth;
How does thou ſtand the ſtorm of wrong-plac'd love?
Let reaſon be the helm that ſteers thy ſoul,
And ſoon thou'lt find a harbour of ſweet peace.

Miſs BLANDY.

Dear parent! thus I kneel; pardon theſe tears;
[*Kneels.*
If I have been too raſh oh! do forgive.
My crime impute to love; ſtrong love's the cauſe;

If what I've heard be true, I'll ne'er again
Behold the perjur'd wretch.---Sooner come death
Cloſe up theſe eyes, and heal this broken heart,
That never, never muſt know peace again.
Oh! my reputation, thou art fled,
My honour cancel'd, yet my love remains.

Mr. BLANDY.

Why does thou kneel and tremble? Riſe my child.
Once more I ſeal thy pardon with a kiſs;
I will no more perplex thy troubled breaſt,
Thou thinks him falſe and with that thought I'm bleſt.

Miſs BLANDY.

I'll ſpeak him falſe in pure obedience to you;
But thought is free, 'tis ever unconfin'd:
What I have ſaid forgive; I'll think him falſe,
And henceforth ſtrive to make my duty pleaſure.
Pleaſure? that cannot be---adieu to joy;
Welcome ye ſighs, and tears, and wakeful hours.
Lucy ſhall now conduct me to ſome ſhade,
Where treach'rous man my peace can ne'er invade;
There let me paſs each new-born, penſive day,
And curſe falſe man and ſigh my ſoul away;
Excuſe me father, for I'm ſore oppreſt,
And muſt go try to weep my cares to reſt.

[*Exit Miſs* Blandy.]

Mr. BLANDY.

I'm prepoſſeſs'd with anxious hopes and fears:
Did ſhe not ſay to weep herſelf to reſt?
Who knows but this implies ſome action raſh.
Herſelf ſhe may deſtroy; how wild ſhe gaz'd!
Then in a melancholly frenzy took her flight,
And ſomething mutter'd which did tend that way.
Yet ſhe has ſaid ſhe ne'er will ſee him more:
This raiſes in my breaſt a ray of hope;
Come let us go and find her out with ſpeed;
Help me ye friends to eaſe her wounded heart,
With kind advice, ſoft pity, and compaſſion.

FREEMAN.

Gladly we go, and doubt not of ſucceſs:
If her reſolves are fixt ne'er to ſee *Cranſton*,
All, all is well, and you are once more happy.
But ſtrong affections muſt have time to cool.
Reaſon muſt long and vig'rous ſtruggles have
E'er the force of fixt affection it o'er comes.
When thus the raging billows laſh the ſhore,
And winds tempeſtuous in conjunction roar,
The ſtorm abates ſoon as its force is paſt,
And all is calm, ſerene, and clear at laſt.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

LUCY *ſhrieking behind the Scenes,*
Enter Writewell, John *the ſervant man, and* Betty
the cook, running.
Scene opens and diſcovers Lucy *mimicking fits.*

WRITEWELL.

WHAT means this ſudden ſhriek, oh! ſee
ſhe faints.
Haſte *John*, fetch me ſome water quickly.
[*Exit John*
Betty go and ſetch Miſs *Blandy*'s ſalts.
[*Exit Betty*
[*Enter* John *with a bowl of water,* Writewell
ſprinkles ſome on her face. [*Exit John*
[Lucy *Recovers,*
Speak *Lucy*, whence the cauſe of this commotion
That makes you look ſo wild, and tremble?
What can it be? *Lucy* I beg thee tell.

LUCY.

Oh! hold me, hold me: ſee the ghoſt appears;

Yonder it goes; behold it comes again.
Oh! *Writewell* don't you ſee it? Sure you do.
Gods what a ghaſtly ſhade! it ſhakes its head.
Do *John* drive it away; I die, I die with fear.
[*Mimics fainting*

WRITEWELL.

Betty make haſte! ſhe's gone; ſhe faints again:
[*Enter Betty.*] Give me the ſalts; [*Applying them*
Thank heaven ſhe now revives; *Exit.*
Do ſay, dear *Lucy*, what diſturbs thy thoughts?

LUCY.

Oh! I am ſick; methinks I ſee it yet:
I never, never ſhall be right again.
For I muſt tell you, *Writewell*, I have ſeen
My maſter's ghoſt ſtalk forth from out his ſtudy,
Three times in a few minutes:
At firſt I thought it had been *Mr. Blandy*
That wanted me;
But oh! what words can paint the ſudden pannic
That ſeis'd me when I found it was a viſion.
Soon after this I heard a hollow groan,
Three times repeated; thrice ſoft muſic play'd;
My hair bolted upright, and a cold ſweat,
Like drops from ice, ran trickling down my cheeks.

Miſs Blandy liſtening } My feet did like a marble ſtatue cleave
Unto the floor, till overcome with fear,
I gave a ſhriek, and fell down where you found me.

WRITEWELL.

Pſhaw *Lucy* you have got the vapours;
Take courage child, you cannot be ſo weak
To let ſuch viſionary phantoms thus diſturb you.
I'm griev'd to ſee you tremble; but the cauſe
Is reading ſome romantic novel; elſe
You've drank your tea too ſtrong, or dreamt of ghoſts;
Perchance ſome lover has forgot his vows;
Theſe trifles oft affect a woman's brain.

Enter Miſs BLANDY.

What is to do with *Lucy*? Whence this hurry?
Methought I heard a ſhriek; how pale ſhe looks!

WRITEWELL

Yes madam, ſhe's the vapours; and is delirious:
She talks of ghoſts, of muſic, and of groans;
And through this ſelf-deluſion down ſhe fell.

Miſs BLANDY.

Tho' ſmall's my faith in things like theſe,

You may believe me, *Writewell*, that laſt night
I cou'd not cloſe my wearied eyes to reſt;
For different ſounds of muſic oft I heard;
Sometimes 'twas ſhrill and loud; anon 'twas
grave;
Then hollow groans, and ſhrieks, and whiſtling
winds
Perplext me all the night, till day appear'd.

LUCY.

Oh! madam ſee the ghoſt now comes again;
'Tis gone;--'tis here again;--do let me fly.
Avaunt I ſay, what has poor *Lucy* done,
That this pale ſpectre ſhakes its head at me?

WRITEWELL

'Tis plain to common ſenſe her reaſon's fled.
What can ſhe ſee? Why ſure the girl is mad.

Miſs BLANDY.

Why ſir you may as well ſay I'm delirious;
I heard what I have told you; why ſurpriz'd?
Some folk 'tis ſaid poſſeſs a ſecond ſight.
Read *Glanvil*'s witchcraft, where the proofs are
ſtrong;
And many learned authors prove the ſame.
For my part I am ſure 'tis no deluſion.
Some death will happen I do greatly fear:
Theſe are ſtrong omens; oft death's meſſengers:

May heaven now guard my aged father's head.

WRITEWELL.

For you, think what you pleaſe, I've no belief
In theſe weak phantoms, that poſſeſs your thoughts;
All that I ſay, I wiſh your reaſon ſtronger:
And theſe nonentities no more will fright.
[*Exit* Writewell

Miſs BLANDY.

Lucy, I'm glad thou acts thy part ſo well:
Fear not I'll help thee thro' this deep-laid plot.
But let me tell thee, *Lucy*, I have mixt
The potion ſtrongly in my father's gruel.
I know the very time he calls for it.
And told the cook to ſend it when he calls.
It muſt be ſo; there is no other way;
Tho' I am terrified at the reflection,
And dare not think upon the ſad event
That conſequently muſt ariſe from this.
Away dark thoughts; I charge you to be gone.
Vain charge! I feel them riſe more ſtrong and quick;
But I will fly from you; that cannot be:
Oh why was conſcience fixt ſo ſtrong within
The human breaſt, that nought can ſtifle it.

I go to write unto my deareſt *Cranſton.*
He now has chang'd his lodgings, and in private
Awaits th'event of what we are to act.
Lucy, bear up thy ſpirits; do not falter
In thy part of this momentous charge.
[*Exit Miſs* Blandy

LUCY.

To act my part did ſhe not ſay?
What ſcenes of horror now perplex my mind?
Curſt be the hour I join'd the dev'liſh plot,
And ſold my inward peace for ſordid gold;
Gold, root of evils, ſource of ev'ry crime!
Methinks I need not mimic being ſhock'd;
For I have real terrors on my conſcience.
To view my generous maſter fall a prey
To death, death moſt unnatural and vile!
To be a partner in the bloody action
Startles my ſoul, and makes my body tremble!
What peace can riches give unto a wretch
That traffics with the blood of innocence?
But huſh ye thoughts; my maſter comes this
way.
I fear he'll ſee confuſion in my face,
And find me guilty ſpite of all my caution.
I muſt compoſe myſelf---I dare not look

Upon this hoary head--I cannot fly--what ſhall I ſay?

Enter Mr. BLANDY.

Lucy, what ails thee child, thou looks moſt ſickly.
Thou ſeems diſorder'd in thy ſenſes.
Tell me, how is my daughter yet?

LUCY.

I hope ſhe's better ſir; ſhe ſeems more chearful:
I ſaw her lately---Oh! my head!---my heart!
[Lucy *trembles.*

Mr. BLANDY.

I'm ſorry *Lucy* thou art indiſpos'd.
Thou has been weeping with thy miſtreſs, child,
And thy condolence overcomes thy ſpirits.
But peace; thou ſhou'd rejoice as well as weep:
Say, is not this the cauſe?

LUCY.

I muſt ſay ſomething to hide my confuſion.
[*Aſide.*
Sir that's the cauſe; we have been mingling tears;
Her love is ſtrong but her obedience ſtronger:
She now is thankful for the bleſt diſcovery,

Avers ſhe never will ſee *Cranſton* more,
But ſtrive to hate the man that ſought her ruin.
Excuſe me ſir, I muſt go wait upon her,
And add freſh comfort in this ſharp affliction.

Mr. BLANDY.

Go child, and give my tender bleſſing to her;
Tell her to calm her griefs, and come to me:
The ſtorm is paſt the height, and all is ſafe.

LUCY.

I haſte to take your Meſſage.
Thank heaven for this deliverance. [*Aſide.*

Exit Lucy.

Mr. BLANDY.

I think that *Lucy*'s trembling has ſeiz'd me;
My blood feels chilly and my eyes grow dim;
It muſt ariſe from ſudden hopes and doubts,
Or grief, that age like mine can't bear with vigour.
I find my ſpirits flag and thoughts grow dull.
Hold let me pauſe; I have not drank my gruel.
'Tis two full hours ſince my uſual time.
I'll call for it; nature muſt have ſupport.
And when the heart grows languid thro' afflictions
There's double cauſe to raiſe the drooping ſpirits.

Rings the bell: Enter ſervant.

John is my gruel ready?

JOHN.

Yes ſir, Miſs *Blandy* has been making it herſelf,
And order'd me to wait your call for it.

Mr. BLANDY.

Greater obedience ſtill; heaven bleſs my child;
My appetite grows keen; *John* bring the bowl.

John *goes and returns with the bowl.*

The ſcene diſcovers Mr. Blandy *with the gruel before him, which he drinks.*

This drink's more cordial from the balm of duty;
The drops of pure obedience mingled with it.
This chears my heart more than the richeſt wines
That e'er were ſet before me.
Oh daughter thou haſt rais'd my ſpirits high,
And fill'd my breaſt with a redundant joy:
With pity I ſurvey thy preſent grief,
And hope that time will give thee full relief.
That reaſon will thy wonted peace reſtore,
And happineſs flow equal as before:
Hence love, and duty ſhall in concord join,
And thus I hope thou wilt be doubly mine.

Exit Mr. Blandy.

SCENE II.

Enter C. CRANSTON *ſoftly.*

C. CRANSTON.

All ſtorms ſeem huſh'd to peace: I'll venture further;
I long to ſee Miſs *Blandy*, here comes *Lucy*;
Pangs ſeize my heart to know how they have acted.
Thrice welcome *Lucy*; how goes buſineſs on?

Enter LUCY.

LUCY.

I fear too faſt; the dev'liſh act is o'er.

C. CRANSTON.

Peace child; the ſooner o'er the braver news
For me, Miſs *Blandy*, and thyſelf:
Be cautious or we're all undone.

LUCY.

Caution I fear comes now too late for me,
My conſcience does condemn me ev'ry moment;
For peace is fled, and black remorſe ſucceeds.

C. CRANSTON.

What needs thou fear? Expel thoſe gloomy thoughts;
Let what will happen it is not thy crime.
But haſte and fetch Miſs *Blandy* to me;

This is the only moment I can ſee her.
For undiſcover'd here I came; this is the time;
Bring my dear charmer hither; I'll reward thee.

LUCY.

I merit no reward but ſtriking dead; [*Aſide.*
I go at your requeſt to let her know. [*Exit* Lucy.

C. CRANSTON *alone.*

She tarries long; each moment ſeems an age,
The action's o'er, and here I am in danger;
Why ſay I danger? That muſt be my lot,
Where e'er I go.----I am a perjur'd villain;
Falſe to one virtuous loving wife I've prov'd,
Involv'd a harmleſs babe in miſery;
My wife I hope is dead.---Her heart was broke.
If ſhe be fled from earth ſhe's bleſt indeed.
But heaven, or earth, or hell can yield no peace
Unto a wretch like me.
For this vile act has made my guilt compleat.
I am the parricide: I form'd the plot:
'Tis I am guilty of her father's blood;
I have deluded one whoſe love was pure.
Oh! thought away: Conſcience thou art a hell,
" Who doſt inhabit us without our leave,
" How doſt thou light a torch to diſtant deeds?
" Make the paſt, preſent, and the future frown;
" How-

" How, ever and anon awake the ſoul
" As with a peal of thunder to ſtrange horrors."
But yonder comes the dear deluded wretch,
That ſends her ſoul to hell, ſeduc'd by me.
Hell! what is hell? perhaps there's no ſuch place;
Hell can't burn hotter than my conſcience;
'Tis impoſſible. She comes; now for ſelf-preſervation.

Enter Miſs. BLANDY.

Haſte; fly my charmer; how doſt thou ſucceed?

Miſs BLANDY.

My father has this inſtant drank the cup,
And I have heard no more ſince that;
But ſoon, too ſoon, I fear the conſequence;
Each ſound I hear, methinks they call for me,
My guilt is painted ſtrongly in my face:
Quickly adviſe me; now's the time of need.

C. CRANSTON.

It muſt be ſpeedy, what I have to ſay;
For danger treads upon our heels whilſt here.
Go burn the paper that contain'd the powder,
And all the letters that e'er paſt between us;
Soon as you're ſent for, to your father haſte;
Get feigned quick advice; let fall ſome tears.

Drive guilt away;---appear obedient,
Bribe *Lucy* deep; her conſcience ſeems to ſoften:
In ſhort uſe every caution that's requir'd;
Our lives and future comfort here depends.

Miſs BLANDY.

Our lives may here depend, but future peace
I greatly fear is gone: You ſeem diſturb'd.

C. CRANSTON.

I'm not diſturb'd at all; with inward joy
I view our days of happineſs draw near:
But I muſt go before we are diſcover'd;
My deareſt life! 'tis death for me to ſtay.
Beſure you write to me with caution, not too plain.
You know my lodgings; truſt no one but *Lucy*.
[*A groan is heard within.*
Ah! what groan is that? I muſt be gone.

Miſs BLANDY.

Let me go firſt---Captain I bid farewell,
Give me one parting kiſs---'tis not ſo ſweet
[*Salute.*
As the ſoft kiſſes ſeal'd in innocence.
Your lips do quiver and are cold as ſnow,
Say am I ruin'd, and deſpis'd at once?

C. CRANSTON.

Neither I hope; my love's more ſtrong than ever.
Adieu; I dare not tarry longer. [*Going.*

Miſs BLADNY.

Adieu dear man; no longer I'll detain you:
Shortly you may expect ſome tidings from me.
[*Exit Miſs* Blandy

C. CRANSTON *alone.*

Tidings, I fear, too ſoon I ſhall hear from thee,
Tho' I ſhou'd flee to th' utmoſt verge of earth:
But I muſt go make ready for my flight:
I will preſerve myſelf if poſſible.
For the deluded girl, ſay, what remains
But black deſpair, and ſelf condemning pains?
And what for me, can thought or tongue expreſs,
That am the author of her whole diſtreſs?
My greateſt curſe, is that I cannot find
A road that frees me from this conſcious mind.
Adieu theſe walls; this inſtant I'll away;
Deceit's a bubble, murder's a troubled ſea;
Love is but air; life's ſweet; death is the ſting;
I'll ſave my life, let who will die or ſwing.
[*Exit* Cranſton.

SCENE III.

Scene opens and diſcovers Mr. Blandy *ſlumbring on a couch. He ſtarts up ſuddenly in agonies.*

Mr. BLANDY *ſolus.*

What ſudden pains have ſeiz'd me in an inſtant
That ſets our blood and bowels all on fire?
Sure they can never riſe thro' former grief,
Since I ſo lately felt my heart revive
At the obedience of my only child.
Oh! now I am as cold as death itſelf,--now
burn:
Whence can theſe agonies ariſe?
Had not my daughter made my draught of gruel
I ſhou'd have inward doubts all was not right.
But I with ſpeed will ſend for Mr. *Freeman.*
He'll help me to paſs o'er a painful hour.
He is a cordial friend, [*Rings. Enter* John.
John haſte to *Freeman*; give my compliments;
Tell him I'm greatly indiſpos'd and beg
He'll come without delay. [*Exit* John.

Enter WRITEWELL.

Your humble ſervant ſir; I hope you're well.

Mr BLANDY.

No far from that; 'tis true my thoughts are calm,
Since

Since my dear child is to my wiſh compliant;
But I am ſo oppreſt with pains accute,
That inſtantaneous did my body ſeize,
I am perſuaded, without quick relief,
I cannot live to ſee the ſetting ſun.

WRITEWELL.

It give's me inward grief to ſee you thus:
I'll haſte and fetch a doctor with all ſpeed;
But ſee, here comes your much reſpected friend;
I'll ſtay and hear what's his opinion.

Enter FREEMAN.

So, how does my good friend Mr. *Blandy*?
I'm afraid ſomething is amiſs,
Your man came in ſuch great haſte for me.

Mr. BLANDY.

Welcome my deareſt friend to theſe dim eyes!
Welcome unto this palpitating heart;
Thrice welcome to this burning breaſt of mine!
Which will e're long conſume my crazy frame,
And ſend me to the manſions of the dead.

FREEMAN.

What mean theſe words, which pierce like pointed ſwords?
And fill my heart with inward fear and dread.

Oh! tell me deareſt friend, what is the cauſe
That you accoſt me with ſuch diſmal ſounds?

Mr. BLANDY.

Alaſs!--I feel ſuch agonizing pains,
That but this inſtant did arreſt my body,
As make me ſtrongly wiſh to be diſſolv'd,
Since death, (oh long'd-for death,) cures each diſeaſe.

WRITEWELL.

'Tis ſtrange to me whence this diſorder ſprings;
This morning I was fill'd with ſanguine hopes
That all th'impending ſtorm was overblown:
But I'll go fetch the learned doctor *Vital.*
Theſe wracking pains, I hope, he'll ſoon remove.

FREEMAN.

Dear *Writewell* haſte; delay not for a moment.
The life of our dear friend requires diſpatch.
[*Exit Writewell.*
Oh! how I grieve it is not in my power
To give one intermitting hour of eaſe!
Heav'n knows my heart; I'd be copartner with you,
Cou'd I but mitigate your bitter pangs. [*weeps.*
But this alaſs is empty conſolation;
Since the moſt ardent wiſh is vain and fruitleſs.

Mr. BLANDY.

Forbear, dear friend, theſe tears of pure affection:
You add but ſorrow to my ſharp affliction;
I know your friendſhip's pure; without diſguiſe.
But what are friends unto a dying man?
For death diſſolves the neareſt ties of nature:
Yet I ſtrongly deſire to ſee my child,
Before my eyes are clos'd in endleſs ſleep.
I gladly wou'd fulfill a parent's duty,
And with my dying breath give her advice.

FREEMAN.

You ſhall dear ſir; I'll quickly call her down.
[*Rings.*

[*Enter* John.] *John*, tell Miſs *Blandy* her father deſires to ſee her,

John. Yes ſir.--[*Exit* John. [*Enter Miſs* Blandy.

Miſs BLANDY.

O how does my dear father do?
I'm afraid you're indiſpos'd. [*Hangs down her head.*

Mr. BLANDY.

Come nearer child and view a dying father.
Come hear the laſt advice I e'er ſhall give.
And let it make impreſſion on thy mind.

Miſs BLANDY.

Oh! my dear father! ſure it is not ſo!

You ſtrike ſo great a terror to my heart
That I cannot ſtay.--I muſt retire and weep.
[*Exit Miſs* Blandy.

Mr. BLANDY.

Alaſs poor girl; ſhe's much affected,

Enter DOCTOR, *and* WRITEWELL.

DOCTOR.

Your ſervant Mr. *Blandy*; I'm ſorry to ſee you thus,
Pray how long is it ſince this diſorder ſeiz'd you?
[*Feels his pulſe.*

Mr. BLANDY.

Immediately aſter breakfaſt this morning ſir.

DOCTOR.

Pray what might you have for breakfaſt ſir?
[*Shakes his head.*

WRITEWELL

Sir he had a baſon of gruel, he is a great lover of it.

DOCTOR,

Did the cook make it?

WRITEWELL.

No ſir, Miſs *Blandy* made it herſelf.

DOCTOR.

Pray Mr. *Blandy* don't you feel yourſelf much ſwel'd?

Mr. BLANDY.

Very much ſir.

DOCTOR.

I'm fully perſuaded that this burning inflamation, this exceſſive ſwelling, and unquenchable thirſt, are the effects of poiſon, whoe'er may be the author. Pray Mr. *Writewell* do you uſe your beſt endeavours to find it out; and I'll preſcribe ſome proper cordial to alleviate his agonies awhile; but it is alaſs beyond the power of medicine to reſtore him; the poiſon having penetrated the inteſtines ſo far as to bring on a mortification.

FREEMAN.

Farewell all hopes---oh! what a world is this!

Exit Doctor.

WRITEWELL

May the ſupreme bring this baſe act to light!
I'll go and uſe my very beſt endeavours
To find the author of this horrid deed.
Tho' much I fear!----- [*Exit* Writewell.

Mr. BLANDY.

While I have yet a painful hour to live
Let me employ it with my deareſt friend.
Now all my dreams and each foreboding thought

Are found, by ſad experience, woful truths;
Yet fain I'd know who the vile actor is:
Not that I wiſh to puniſh the agreſſor;
For I rejoice, amidſt my ſharpeſt pains,
To think I'm haſt'ning from this vale of tears,
Where fraud, deceit, and guile, too oft prevail!
Oh! happy potion! which will me remove
To the bright regions of the ever bleſt!

Enter DOCTOR.

Well Mr. *Blandy* how are you ſir? Don't you find yourſelf afflicted with very acute pains in your bowels?

Mr. BLADNY.

Yes ſir, ſuch pains that if I had ten thouſand needles pierced into them at once, ſharper they could not be.

DOCTOR.

Poor man; come drink this cordial [*Gives it him.*
It will abate your miſery for a little time:
But I will be ingenuous with you, for I know you dread not death, having acted always with integrity; and I muſt inform you that your affliction will terminate in death and that in a ſmall ſpace of time.

Mr. BLANDY.

Welcome meſſage! Oh! how I long for thee!
Come death thou aſylum from ev'ry ill?
But now I feel an interval of eaſe;
My wearied ſpirits ſeem to aſk repoſe;
This once I'll ſtrive to cloſe theſe languid eyes,
Which ſoon muſt ſhut to ope' no more.
[*Mr.* Blandy *lies down and ſlumbers.*

FREEMAN.

May angels guard your ſlumbers deareſt friend,
And when you wake may all your pains be gone!
[*Exit* Freeman *and* Doctor: *Scene drops.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miſs BLANDY *and* LUCY.

Miſs BLANDY.

Well *Lucy,* I have been to ſee my father;
It made me tremble to behold his pains,
I cou'd not bear to hear his kind expreſſions,
But now it's paſt, it cannot be recall'd;
For die he will----that is moſt certain.

LUCY.

Repeat no more,---my thoughts can't bear it;

Had I reflected on the dire event,
Ten thouſand worlds ſhou'd ne'er have brib'd me to't

Miſs BLANDY.

Huſh *Lucy*! or you will betray this deed,
Which yet, thank fortune, reſts in dark oblivion.
All, all is ſafe. I'll ſend my *Cranſton* word
That ev'ry point has anſwer'd it's intent.

Enter WRITEWELL, *who takes up a letter directed to C.* Cranſton.

WRITEWELL.

Madam I am ſent to inform you that Mr. *Blandy*'s diſorder is occaſioned by Poiſon, and, from circumſtances already known, it is almoſt evident, that you and *Cranſton* are the guilty perſons; I ſincerely wiſh it may prove otherwiſe. Howe'er I make bold to ſeize this letter, which I find is directed to him; if you be innocent, it can be of no conſequence. [*He breaks open the ſeal.*

Miſs Blandy *trembles.* [*Exit* Lucy.

Oh! dear, dear ſir; good Mr. *Writewell*! take ſome [*Struggles with him.* compaſſion on the diſtreſt. The opening of that Letter will break my heart; for Heaven's ſake do return it; dear *Writewell* do? [*Kneels and weeps.*

WRITEWELL.

It cannot be! 'Tis inconſiſtent with my duty.--'tis not ſerving Mr. *Blandy* with fidelity in his laſt moments. It is his dying requeſt I wou'd find out the monſt'rous author of his death.

[*Reads the letter. Miſs* Blandy *faints.*

Oh! ſhocking, dreaded diſcovery!
Heaven ſtill reveals the guilt of Murder.
Oh! baſe ingratitude! infernal act!
My heart with grief is like to burſt.

[*Miſs* Blandy *recovers.*

How do you find yourſelf--poor unhappy woman! You might as well make a full confeſſion of your crime; this letter is evidence enough, and this other, which you committed to the flames to-day,

[*Shewing another letter.*

and was ſnatch'd out before conſum'd, corroborates your's and *Cranſton*'s guilt. We have ſent to find the captain; but he rode poſt out of town not an hour ago. *Lucy* alſo has confeſs'd that ſhe knew of this horrid plot: Theſe are proofs, for you indeed, too ſtrong.

Miſs BLANDY.

Farewell vain hopes! What hopes from guilt
cou'd flow?

Oh! ill-plac'd love!---beſtow'd upon a Wretch
That ſtarted not at meditated murder!
Oh! that I'd drank the fatal cup myſelf. [*Weeps.*

WRITEWELL.

I can't forbear but pity the deluded;
Yet ſure 'tis ſomething more than diabolic
That leads a child thus to deſtroy a parent!
Yet peace dear Miſs, (if I may uſe the word,
For much I fear no peace you'll e'er enjoy.)
But I muſt go and ſee poor Mr. *Blandy*,
For ſoon my deareſt friend will be no more!
Yet I wou'd have you ſee him once again,
And earneſtly entreat his pardon;
Doubt not you'll find him ready to forgive.

Miſs BLANDY.

I will dear ſir---Yet oh! how muſt I bear
To ſee him ſuffer thus! and I the cauſe!
'Tis ſomething ſtrange! a crime unknown to nature
That he who gave me life by me ſhou'd die.

WRITEWELL.

'Tis well you do repent, alaſs! there's need.
For I'm afraid!--but I muſt go [*Exit* Writewell.

Miſs BLANDY.

Now I too late repent this horrid crime!

Why did I e'er believe this practiſ'd villain?
Why did I ſet at nought my father's counſel?
Why did I build my future joys on murder,
And vainly hope from light to hide my guilt?
Now with repentance I view each deceit,
And curſe my wretched folly when too late!
(*Exit Miſs* Blandy.

Scene changes to Mr. Blandy'*s room.*

Enter FREEMAN.

How is my friend? I find you are awake.
What not one ſtrong convulſive pang allay'd?

Mr. BLANDY.

Come nearer friend; this muſt be the laſt time!
For now I find my diſſolution's near,
Yet long to know the author of my death,
That I may have the pleaſure to forgive,
And in full charity reſign my breath.

Enter WRITEWELL.

What ſtill in agonies?
I fear your pains are now grown too ſevere
To hear the tragic tale I have to tell.

Mr. BLADNY.

No *Writewell*; let me hear without delay,

'Twill not encreaſe them, they're at their height ;
Then ſatisfy my mind before too late.

WRITEWELL.

My heart now almoſt burns as hot as yours ;
My breaſt too ſtruggles with alternate paſſions,
When I reflect on that vile traytor *Cranſton*,
How your dear child he has deluded :
Your agonizing pains may tell the reſt.

Mr. BLANDY.

'Twas what I fear'd ! Oh anguiſh deeper ſtill !
Yet peace ye ſtrong tormenting thoughts,
Which in my breaſt I've oft revolv'd,
E'er ſince I ſaw her laſt in ſuch confuſion,
That none but ſhe had done the fatal deed !

WRITEWELL.

I cou'd proceed to tell you all their plan,
And ſhew you letters which confirm their guilt ;
How *Cranſton* gave the poiſon to Miſs *Blandy*,
Inclos'd in words more horrid, more deceitful,
Than ever hell contriv'd, or Satan knew ;
But I will wave this baſe, ungrateful theme,
Which ought to reſt in endleſs oblivion !
Here comes the learned Doctor *Vital*.

Enter DOCTOR.

Still ſtruggling beneath the pond'rous weight

Of curſed poiſon which admits no cure!
And what muſt more enhance the bitter pangs,
Is the reflection riſing from the thoughts
That this vile act was done by his own daughter!
I've made experiments upon the gruel,
And can depoſe 'tis mingled with ſtrong poiſon.

FREEMAN.

'Tis ſuch an action that it chills my heart!
Oh! curſed parricide, a crime ſo vile,
So greatly ex'crable, that roman laws
Forbore, long time, to mention ſuch offence;
Preſuming none ſo baſe could be;
But I forbear, ſince 'twill but augment
The ſufferings of my dear, (now dying) friend.

Mr. BLANDY.

Away with pity, baniſh ev'ry ſigh!
Name not the traytor that deceiv'd my child
But fetch my daughter to her much-wrong'd father.

[Writewell *goes off and brings in Miſs, wringing her hands and weeping.*

Miſs BLANDY.

Oh! my dear father, look not on a child who dares not aſk a dying parent's pardon!

[*Falls on her knees.*

Mr. BLANDY.

Now I can cloſe theſe wearied eyes in peace,
Since heav'n permits me to behold my child.
Think not I call thee to repeat thy crimes,
Or tell how thou ſcorn'd my good advice,
And ſtill believ'd the wretch who's now undone thee.
No: I have other aims,--I bid thee to repent,
And with all ſpeed make peace with the ſupreme;
For much I fear they'll call thee to account,
And bring thee to an ignominious death!
I freely pardon thee---Oh witneſs heaven!
If in my breaſt there reigns one thought malign!
May the ſupreme bleſs thee, and give thee pardon!
I can no more---the vital ſpark's extinct-------
Then take this laſt, this final, parting kiſs
[*Raiſes his head up to ſalute her.*
From theſe cold, quivering lips, that now are clay.
Oh grant ye powers above we meet again:
Pardon her ſins---receive my ſoul to bliſs. [*Dies.*
[*Miſs* Blandy *faints; they carry her out.*

FREEMAN.

Alaſs he's gone! his ſoul is now got free!

And with expanded wings, exults in liberty!

DOCTOR.

He's now releas'd from all his wracking pains,
And born to bliſs the crown of life obtains!

[*Exit* Freeman, Writewell, *and* Doctor.

Miſs Blandy *enters the room again.*

Miſs **BLANDY** *alone.*

Oh conſcience, conſcience! thou tumultuous
guеſt,
That preys upon this guilty ſoul of mine:
If there's a hell, it's pains are ſure like theſe,
Made up of black deſpair and deep remorſe!

Enter officers who arreſt Miſs Blandy.

OFFICER.

Madam ſeveral perſons having depos'd that you are guilty of poiſoning Mr. *Blandy*, your father, I have a power and charge to take you into cuſtody till you ſhall be examin'd before a magiſtrate.

Miſs **BLANDY.**

Yes, ſeize this body; drag it where you pleaſe;
Load me with chains, 'tis but my juſt reward,
Since I have ſent my father to the grave.
But muſt the wretch eſcape that form'd the plot?
That did betray this loveſick heart of mine?

Enter FREEMAN.

Sure heaven, juſt heaven, has thunder-bolts in ſtore
And will repay with vengeance all his guilt.

[*Exit officers with Miſs* Blandy.

FREEMAN *alone.*

There goes to infamy a much lov'd-child;
Once the delight and comfort of her parents:
While grace and virtue were predominant,
How ſweet! how innocent ſhe look'd!
Alas how chang'd! Behold that face of guilt!
Deſpair and horror dart from every glance.

Be warn'd ye fair that read theſe ſcenes of woe,
Let virtue thro' your every action flow;
Learn every perjur'd vilain to deſpiſe,
And from Miſs *Blandy*'s errors---oh! be wiſe.

End of the fifth Act.

THE

EPILOGUE,

By *Way of* Apology *for the* Author.

WELL! *have you read the* play? *Doubtleſs you have;*
And, if I gueſs aright, you look quite grave.
But why ſo dull?---Can't you read one page more?
This is the EPILOGUE ;---*'twill ſoon be o'er.*
Perhaps you'll ſay, your patience is quite tir'd,
And that you wiſh the PARRICIDE *was fir'd;*
Suppoſe it ſo?—(believe me, I don't jeſt,)
I can aſſure you I have done my beſt
And beg if it be damn'd,--*the* dead *may reſt.*

SAUL and JONATHAN.

A

TRAGEDY.

-----*digna ſatis fortuna revivit.*

VIRG.

Printed in the YEAR M,DCC,LXI.

PROLOGUE.

THE ſacred records are th' unerring law
From whence a perfect rule of life we draw:
The virtuous lives of men are handed down
To make us preſs tow'rds an immortal crown.
E'en men's dark actions do examples ſhew
That ſurely warn to ſhun the path of woe.
The road of virtue is the only plan;
This brings true ſatisfaction to the man.
From the black hiſtory of SAUL *we find*
What racking thoughts poſſeſs a guilty mind.
But where true virtue is a conſtant gueſt,
There hope reſides, there peace dwells in the breaſt.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

SAUL, King of *Iſrael.*
JONATHAN, *Saul*'s Son.
DAVID, Son-in-law to *Saul.*
DOEG, *Saul*'s Houſhold Captain.
ACHISH, King of *Gath.*
ECRON, a Prince of *Philiſtia.*
JEREBOAM, Captain of the Hoſt to *Achiſh.*

WOMEN.

MICHAL, *Saul*'s Daughter, Wife to *David.*
ABIGAIL, late Wife to *Nabal.*
WITCH of *Endor.*
Armour-Bearers, Meſſengers, Servants, &c.

SCENE ; *a Camp at* GILBOA.

Saul *and* Jonathan,
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene a camp at GILBOA.

Enter SAUL.

WHAT muſt be done? Invention aid my
thoughts?
What yet remains in this my wretched caſe,
That yields one gleam of hope?--Why ſay I hope?
For that hath long been ſtranger to this breaſt,
That entertains no gueſt but black deſpair.
Why was I made a king, and ſwell'd, and puff'd,
Above my wonted humble views, when no
Ambition ſeis'd my heart but all was peace
Within this (now afflicted) breaſt?
To gently ſlumber on the hills or vales,
With mind ſerene, as ſkipping, ſportive lambs,
Was once my happy ſtate.--Away ſweet thoughts;

I cannot, dare not bear th' reflection!
It adds unto the pond'rous weight I feel;
But peace, be ſtill awhile; my ſon appears.

Enter JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Long live the king: With filial duty
May I aſk the cauſe you look ſo penſive?
For as I now approached near your perſon,
I ſaw you ſtart, as thro' convulſive pangs.

SAUL.

Start! Well I may: Oh *Jonathan* my ſon!
What ſhall I do? Where ſhall I ſeek relief?
The Supreme being hath forſaken me;
No more he anſwers me by dreams, nor *Urim*;
The prophet's ſilent alſo as the dead;
And the *Philiſtines*, with unnumber'd hoſts,
Are camp'd in *Apheck*'s plains, to give us Battle:
Achiſh, their King, leads on the mighty van,
With *David* (treacherous ſon in-law) i'th' rear;
Whilſt I, with force unequal, dare not think
Upon th' event, which from this Battle muſt
Enſue, before to-morrow's ſun hath gain'd
His eaſtern point.

JONATHAN.

Theſe proſpects, honoured ſire, I confeſs,
Look with an aſpect black, to diſtant view. Yet,

Yet, think upon your former victories,
On captive *Agag*, and the ſpoils we took;
On great *Goliah*, whoſe blaſphemous words
Defy'd the Armies of the living God.
Think on the numbers that this daring arm,
Join'd to my armour-bearer's equal courage,
Thro' the ſupreme's aſſiſtance, dauntleſs march'd
Into the thickeſt throng, and hew'd down Numbers
Of that ſavage race, uncircumciz'd.
This truſty ſword, ne'er doubt, ſhall once again
Be ſtain'd with gore in your moſt righteous cauſe.
Fear not, we fight *Jehovah*'s battles.

SAUL.

Talk of thoſe priſtine feats of war no more;
Of great *Goliah*, or of *Agag* ſlain;
My ſoul is given up to deſperation;
For *Iſrael*'s God hath left me to myſelf;
My boſom friends are turn'd my open foes.
Oh for one ſight of *David!* that vile traytor,
That dares to lift a ſword againſt his king.
I'd tear him limb from limb, and fix his head
Upon the talleſt Jav'lin in my hoſt.

JONATHAN.

Peace! Ye heavens grant peace unto a man diſtracted!

SAUL.

Villain begone before I ſtrike thee dead;
For thou art partner with this wicked wretch.
And here thy friendſhip will us both deſtroy;
Elſe, long e'er this, *David* had been no more;
And I'd been bleſt with peace--- Oh!---

JONATHAN.

Permit me, father, to diſcharge that zeal,
Which ſtill reſults, thro' merit, towards the man
You now inſult; then will I ope' this breaſt
And let you plunge your dagger in my heart;
For welcome that, or any other death,
Rather than I'll prove falſe to that dear ſtripling.

SAUL.

Begone I ſay, and dare not to provoke
My ſoul, which, now enrag'd, no pity knows.
What means thou by dear ſtripling?

W. E. H. HARDING

JONATHAN.

David your ſon: I'll ſpeak tho' death enſue;
Pure truth and friendſhip in his breaſt reſide.
Witneſs the cruſe of water from your camp,
Your ſpear, you ſkirts cut off, when faſt aſleep!
Is this the man you tax with being traytor?
This thought alone ſhou'd move you to compaſſion;
This

This calls ſor gratitude from you and me.
I feel the flame ariſe within my breaſt,
Oh! that I coud impart one half to you:
But I'm a ſon---ſo muſt not farther dictate.

SAUL.

What dares thou ſtill inſult? Thanks to the weight
That bends my ſpirit with conſummate woe,
And makes me ſcorn to take ſuch ſmall revenge,
As thy poor, deſpicable life wou'd yield.
No, you ſhall die by thouſands at my nod,
Aid from the Devil I'll raiſe, if not from God.

JONATHAN

Oh piercing words! I cannot bear their ſound;
Jehovah hear, and heal my father's wound.
[*Exit* Jonathan.

SAUL.

He's gone; confuſion with him go!----a ſon!
A Devil ſure? yet not more fierce
Than the ſharp ſtings that gall this tortur'd breaſt;
But hold what muſt I do?----It ſhall be ſo----

Enter Armour-Bearer.

Ha! my faithful ſervant! Say what news?

A. BEARER.

O king I come with ſpeed to let you know

That *Achiſh*, king of *Gath*, approacheth near.
His hoſts innumerable fill the air
With ſhouts, that echo, and re-echo thro'
The plains; their noiſe of warlike muſic, and
The trampling of their horſes hoofs are heard.
Sounds from their chariots riſe aloft in air,
Like a tempeſtuous whirlwind join'd with thunder;
Some of their bowmen have appear'd in ſight,
And thrown the Iſraelites into diſorder:
Your captains ſent me, with all ſpeed to know
The orders you are pleas'd to ſend; O king
For ever live; What does your liege command?

SAUL.

And is it ſo?---Bear up my ſpirits now:----
Yes, I have now determin'd how to act,
Turn thee with me; this Inſtant I will go,
And force inſtructions from the ſhades below.

[*Exit* Saul *and* Armour-Bearer.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVID *and* JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Oh deareſt brother happily I've met thee,
Juſt at the time of soreſt, preſſing need,

When from a father no advice I get,
But what is mingled with deſpair, diſtruſt
Of providence, and ſpleen malign, to'wrds thee
And me, and all were erſt his friends;--what news
My deareſt friend, my brother, tell?

DAVID.

I will dear brother; but I fear 'tis ſuch
Will diſcompoſe thy frame, tho' valour glows
Thro' all thy princely veins; yet ſure ſome ſtorm
Still hangs impending, that's not overblown.

JONATHAN.

I fear the ſame, and ſurely well there may,
Whilſt civil diſcord in our army reigns.
My father, if remorſe and gratitude
Cou'd touch his heart, might yet be happy;
But whilſt he ſeeks for guiltleſs blood,
Like thine, well may the neighbouring nations,
Our ſworn foes, involve us in diſtreſs.

DAVID.

Oh *Jonathan*! thou knows my innocence;
My very inmoſt thoughts to thee are known.
If e'er I fail'd in duty to my king,
In thought or action, take my blood thy ſelf
If ought thou knows; thou art a cordial friend,

And this I ſpeak, not thro' vain oſtentation.
Behold this naked breaſt; if guilty ſtrike,
And I will bleſs thee with my lateſt breath.

JONATHAN.

Thou mak'ſt me weep,---Oh heaven forbid th
thought,
That I ſhou'd ſtrike at innocence like thine.
Yet here the laws of Juſtice call for this,
That I alſo appeal to thee; now brother judge
Within thyſelf; have I been true or falſe to thee?
If from thee I have kept my father's wrath,
When fully bent to take thy life away;
If I've not told thee ev'ry plot or ſcheme,
Yea ſtrove to ſooth my father's ſpleen with tears,
Or urg'd thee on to make a ſafe retreat
When dangers ſeem'd to tread upon thy heels?
Then view this open breaſt and if thou finds
It hath been falſe to thee, ſpeak, and plunge in
Thy dagger, I conjure thee. [*Opens his boſom.*

DAVID.

No thou art true; cover that honeſt heart;
Long may it beat within that noble breaſt.
Oh! let me ſnatch thee to my ardent heart!
What greater joy than mingling friendly tears?
[*Weeping and embracing.*

JONATHAN.

Now, deareſt friend, let me intreat thee further,
That when I'm gone from this tumultuous world,
And thou ſhalt reign in greater pomp than *Saul*,
My Father, ever did, (for this I know
Is the decree of heaven)
If any of my offspring ſhall remain,
Be kind to them, take pity on my race.
If ever *Jonathan* was lov'ly in thine eyes,
O *David! David*, ſwear this now to me.

DAVID.

Again thou galls my heart; long mayſt thou live
To rule the Tribes of *Iſrael* in peace.
Yet ſince 'tis thy requeſt, bear witneſs heaven,
(If this ſhou'd come to paſs) thy ſons ſhall find
The love I ow'd their father, paid to them.
I'll charge my ſons be kind to thine. Sons ſons
To theirs, ſtill thro' ſucceſſive years, that whilſt
Time laſts, or we have heirs ſurvive,
The love that reigns 'twixt *Jonathan* and *David*
Shall be tranſmited down.

JONATHAN.

So be it as thou ſayeſt, witneſs *Jehovah*;
But now I fear my father ſoon may come,

Our army for him waits all in array
Of Battle; which our fate will ſoon decide.
Oh *David!* might thcu once again command,
Thy preſence ſoon wou'd animate our men,
Whoſe ſpirits now are languid and borne down
By a ſuperior force of ſavage race;
But I muſt haſte and ſtrive to raiſe their ſpirits:
Say, will you meet me here anon?

DADID.

Doubt not of this; impatient I ſhall be
'Till the dear partner of my ſoul, returns.

[*Exit* Jonathan *and* David.

SCENE III.

Scene changes to the Philiſtines. *camp.*

Enter ACHISH *and* ECRON.

ACHISH.

Well *Ecron*, are the bowmen on their guard?
Are all their quivers full of poiſon'd arrows?
The iron chariots and the armed horſemen,
Wait they our firſt command? hath ev'ry man
Girt on his buckler, ſhield and ſword? Say now.

ECRON.

O mighty king! all things await thy nod;
For that alone can animate our hoſt,
Fluſh'd with the hope of certain victory.
Hark! how the trumpets, in alternate ſtrains,
Mingle their warlike ſounds throughout the camp.
[*A ſound of trumpets within.*
Come let us haſte, they cry, now is the Time
To ſpoil the *Ira'lites*: Where's now their god,
Whereof they make ſuch boaſt? O *Dagon* great,
Thou art our God; be thou our ſhield to-day;
Thine be the glory.---Thus ſhout they one and all.

ACHISH.

Well ſpoke brave prince; I know thy words are true.
Lead on the chariots with thy wonted zeal.
Firm is thy faith. Witneſs the vict'ry gain'd
That glorious day that Eli's ſons were ſlain.
We took their ark, wherein lay all their boaſt,
And left ten thouſand dead upon the field.

ECRON.

That great, triumphant day inſpires my ſoul
With greater triumphs, e'er to-morrow's eve:
My fluttering fancy now is on the wing.
Methinks I ſee them turn their backs and flee
Like ſheep, which fall a weak defenceleſs prey To

To lyons, wolves and tygers, fierce with hunger.

ACHISH.

Brave, brave indeed!---See *Jereboam* comes,
The captain of our hoſt.---A word of his advice.

Enter JEREBOAM.

Well noble captain; glory and victory
Go with thy ſword.---What news?

JEREBOAM.

The ſame to thee; O king! for ever live.
Vouchſafe to hear thy ſervant ſpeak
A word or two, nor let thine anger riſe.

ACHISH.

Speak on; I know 'tis for the general good.

JEREBOAM.

By thy command, O king, the lords have met,
And travers'd o'er each point that might retard
Or hinder this our hop'd-for, final vict'ry.
Some ſpies are taken and faſt bound in chains;
The ſick and the faint-hearted ſever'd out,
As guards to watch the ſtores, or give alarm
In caſe the enemy attack our rear.

ACHISH.

All right--I like the caution well.---Proceed.

JEREBOAM.

But they, O king! do highly diſapprove,
That *David* ſhou'd at all command this time;
For it is prov'd, clear to a demonſtration,
That he, this day, hath left his wretched band,
Made up of refugees, and men diſtreſt,
To hold a conference with *Jonathan*.

ACHISH.

What! *David* falſe? This cannot be a fact.
How hath he ſcour'd the plains of all my foes,
And ſtill return'd victorious with their ſpoils?
In him I place a ſolid confidence.
Saul ſeeks his life; and ſure he ſeeks revenge.

ECRON.

My lord, O king! What *Jereboam* ſpeaks,
I humbly think, ſhews zeal unto your perſon.
For this I teſtify that *David*'s ſoul
Is faſt cemented unto *Jonathan*'s,
In love ſcarce to be equal'd, man with man.

ACHISH.

It may be ſo; yet ſtill his love and zeal
For me may ſtand the teſt; ſince he's deſpis'd
By his own tribes, I judge him faithfull ſtill.

JEREBOAM.

Deſpis'd my lord!---No, far from that; they pant
And long for *David* to bear rule.----Witneſs
The dances, timbrels, and the ſongs they ſung,
When he *Goliah* ſlew, our champion brave,
Did not their cities hold a jubilee?
Did not the damſels ſound forth vocal ſtrains
That *Saul* had ſlain his thouſands? then they add,
With more exalted voices, *David*'s praiſe,
Which fills the chorus with ten thouſand ſlain
By his own hand.---Sure *David* will prove falſe.

ACHISH.

Well; ſince you are reſolv'd, ſo let it be:
Rather than cauſe civil, domeſtic broils,
I'll part with *David* tho' it grieve my ſoul;
Him I'll diſcharge myſelf within two hours.
So to your duty haſte; act with diſcretion.
Be ſtrong and quit yourſelves like men,
O ye *Philiſtines*, for ye fight againſt
The armies of the living God, whoſe power
Oftimes we've ſelt before; but he's diſpleas'd,
Nor heeds their Sacrifice; ſo now's the time.
Be ſtrong, be valiant, overcome or die.

Thus whilſt *Jehovah* does his thunder hold
Men more flagitious grow, more fierce and bold;
But when his ſtorms hurl rocks into the ſea,
'Tis then too late to act.----So let's away.

End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene; Witch of Endor's *houſe.*

Enter SAUL, DOEG, *and* A. BEARER.

SAUL.

How doleful and how black this cell appears!
My mind miſgives me, and I almoſt faint
To think this is my final, laſt reſource.
Muſt I, who erſt had prophets at my call,
Jehovah too my mighty counſellor,
Stoop to a common hag of midnight fiends?
A ſordid witch, a child of *Beelzebub?*
Such as I ſuffer'd not to live on earth
Or breath in common air? Oh thought too deep!
Away, begone.--Who dwells within? [*Knocking.*

Enter WITCH.

WITCH.

What do you here? What is't I ſee with arms,
And ſwords and ſpears? Oh! I'm undone, undone!
Hath *Saul* the king ſent you to take my life?

DOEG.

Peace woman; peace, no harm ſhall on thee fall;
One in diſtreſs is come to thee for aid:
What he commands thee do, and all is ſafe,
My life for thine.

SAUL.

Yes; thou ſhalt find no plot againſt thy life,
If thou wilt bring up him I do require:
If not deſtruction falls upon thy head;
Then act without reſerve in this affair.

WITCH.

Oh take compaſſion on a wretch like me!
And urge me not to haſten my own fall.
Sure you are ſpies, and *Saul* hath ſent you here,
To take this wretched life away from me,
And ſend me down to hell. Oh! mercy! mercy!
[*She kneels.*

SAUL.

Peace you old witch, for ſuch thou art I find;
Thy conſcience hath betray'd thee, ſo proceed
To bring up him I want, without demur;
Elſe ſhall this dagger ſend thee to the ſhades;
Be quick; for life and death are now before thee.

WITCH.

I will, I will; but ſwear unto me now;

Thou knows what *Saul* hath done to all our race;
How we've been maſſacred, tortur'd with fire,
And all the pangs deſtruction cou'd invent;
Sought out from place to place, and forc'd to ſneak
In gloomy caves and caverns of the earth,
Like owls or croaking toads, that dare not ſhew
Their viſage in the light. Theſe eyes of mine
Have not beheld the ſun for ſix months paſt,
Nor even dar'd to look at the pale moon,
Or ſtars; no air I've breath'd but that within
This darkſome, ſmoky cell, obſcur'd from light;
Then ſwear unto me now, and I'll proceed.---
[*Riſes.*

SAUL.

Swear! that I will; what oath ſhall I pronounce?
For tho' th' omnipotent hath left me quite,
Yet ſure his Name's too great to witneſs this,
That I by him ſhou'd make league with a witch.
I rave! I ſwear by all th' infernal crew of hell!
Yea by this agonizing breaſt of mine,
(Which feels a greater hell within itſelf,
Than that which only lies in bare conception,)
Thou ſhalt not die, nor harm ſhall happen to thee.

WITCH.

Whom ſhall I raiſe? Tell me without delay?
That

That ſtreight to my familiar I may pray.

SAUL.

Yes; quickly now invoke, or heaven, or hell,
'Tis equal, only bring up *Samuel.*

The Witch kneels down and mutters.
A ſound of thunder and flaſhes of lightning.

Enter SAMUEL'S GHOST, *riſing gently.*

WITCH.

Oh, I'm undone! ruin'd! deceiv'd! betray'd!
Undone, undone for ever! thou art *Saul.*

SAUL.

Peace; what ſeeſt thou? Huſh all thy fears; no harm
Shall happen to thee; what ſeeſt thou?

WITCH.

Oh! I ſee gods aſcending from the earth.

SAUL.

What form, or what ſimilitude bears he?

WITCH.

An old, grey-headed man appears, different
To my familiar, from whence
I ſtill divin'd; his aſpect's like a god.

He veils his body in a crimſon mantle,
Raiſing himſelf, as if to ſpeak to thee.

SAUL.

Stand by; 'tis *Samuel*, and thus I fall:
[*Falls to the ground.*
Now ſpeak, dear ghoſt, unto thy ſervant *Saul*.

GHOST.

Why haſt thou brought this ſin upon thy head?
What made thee give diſquiet to the dead?

SAUL.

Alaſs I'm ſore oppreſt on ev'ry ſide;
Jehovah hath forſaken me, and left
Me to my ſelf----The prophets flee from me;
And the *Philiſtines*, with unnumber'd bands,
Make war againſt me and my ſcatter'd hoſts,
Half dead thro' fear; not one I find amongſt
The tribes I rule that gives one gleam of hope.
In this my great diſtreſs, now deſperation,
Iv'e call'd for thee, oh much lamented ghoſt!
Which left this vain, uncertain world too ſoon,
Alaſs, for me; elſe I'd been happy now,
Thro' the ſweet Influence of thy bleſt advice.
Then do thou, much-lov'd ſhade, pardon this crime,

This laſt, this forc'd reſource, this only hope,
That dwells yet in my breaſt; all elſe is gone.
Look on my abject ſtate with pity; ----oh
Behold my caſe, and tell me how to act
This time; then peace go with thy gentle Shade:
No more I'll thee diſquiet.

GHOST.

Since this diſtreſs thou'ſt brought upon thyſelf,
Why doſt thou trouble me? Reflect on what
I told thee when alive; for not one word
Shall fail; now is the time fulfill'd; thou'rt ripe
For the deſtruction I foretold. Why ſhou'd
Thou want me to repeat what yet will add
Unto thy preſent anguiſh, heighten thy
Deſpair, and urge thee quicker on unto
Thy final doom?

SAUL.

Great ſeer, I pray thee now proceed and let
Me know the worſt? My ſoul is now ſo far
O'erwhelm'd thou cannot ſink it lower.

GHOST.

Know then, 'tis by permiſſion of that God
Thou haſt deſpis'd, I come now to repeat
And to confirm the things I've told before.

Think not 'tis in the power of any charm,
Or midnight ſpell, or diabolic witch,
To give the leaſt diſquiet to the ſaints
That reſt in God---No; far from that; the fiends
Themſelves know nothing of futurity,
Tho' they may be permitted to deceive
Wretches like thee, who, thro' deſpair, confide
In devils more than the ſupreme.

SAUL.

'Tis true I've err'd; compulſion made me err;
Neceſſity, diſtreſs, and black deſpair
Have urg'd me on to this laſt, ſinful act,
And ſtupify'd my wonted reaſon ſo
That I will never, never, aſk for pardon.
Why didſt thou ſeek me out above all others,
And make me king to ſtand a mark for malice,
To be a wretched monument of woe?

GHOST.

Happy thou might'ſt have been, victorious too,
Hadſt thou obey'd the voice of the ſupreme:
But ſtill that heart of thine was ſwell'd with pride;
Too fond of ſpoils and captives: Witneſs *Agag*;
Him thou ſpar'd when thy ſtrict charge was this

To cut off all thoſe curſt Idolaters
That lately made ſuch ſlaughter in the tribes,
And ſet defiance unto *Iſrael's* god.
Henceforth idolatry ſhall mingle with
Your ſolemn feaſts, and cleave unto you ſtill.

SAUL.

Dear ſhade forbear repeating what is paſt;
That long hath been too heavy in my breaſt;
Time flies apace and haſtens danger on;
Oh let me know, with ſpeed, the great event
That muſt enſue from this important battle;
And if I'm deſtin'd to deſtruction ſay.

GHOST.

Prepare thy ſelf, call all thy manhood up,
To hear theſe words, the laſt I e'er ſhall ſpeak.

SAUL.

Tho' terror fills my mind proceed.

GHOST.

Know then thy kingdom from thee is departed
And given to thy neighbour *David*, whom
Thou holds thy foe, becauſe he's juſt and true.
Nor is this all; thou ſhalt be overcome;
Totally overthrown by the *Philiſtines*;

To-morrow ſhall the fatal Battle hap,
When thouſands, for thy ſin, ſhall there be ſlain,
Becauſe thou ſpar'd th' *Amelekites*, thoſe ſons
Of ſodom, fraught with all the ſins of hell,
And turn'd from the commands of dread *Jehovah*.
Alſo, before ſol's next diurnal motion
Shall compleated be, thou and thy ſons ſhall fall
A maſs of lifeleſs clay, (like my dead corpſe,)
Mangled with wounds and ghaſtly to behold;
Adieu; no more I am permitted.
[*The ghoſt diſappears.* Saul *falls back and faints.*

DOEG.

Ariſe my lord; let not theſe words o'erwhelm
Your ſoul; things will not be ſo bad, perchance,
As what hath been predicted.

A. BEARER.

O king, let not the thought of future ills
Corrode and prey upon your ſpirits thus:
Thank heaven he now revives. [Saul *looks up.*

WITCH.

Ariſe my lord, O king, and ſince I have
Found favour in thy ſight, O let the king
Vouchſafe to take a morſel from thine handmaid.

SAUL.

Speak, you that here attend; where am I got?
Down to the regions of the dead below?
Say, do I live and breath, or are you ghoſts,
Confin'd to this dark cell for diſobedience?

DOEG.

My lord, we live, we breath, we ſpeak, and you
Are ſafe. Then droop not thus O king.

SAUL.

And do I live? Yes, that's my greateſt curſe;
Why did you wake me from ſo ſweet a ſlumber?
Wretches ſtand off, and let me die with eaſe.

DOEG.

Let not the king give way to theſe vain fears;
My lord reſume your wonted manly ſtrength;
Have you not thouſands waiting your command?
Force, join'd to hope and courage, never fails
To gain triumphant conqueſts o'er a foe.

SAUL.

What! art thou *Doeg?* Sure I am diſtracted;
And thou my *Armour-Bearer* too!----'Tis ſo:
But where is *Samuel?* O *Samuel!*---
Appear once more and take me down with thee.

A. BEARER.

Peace, peace! O king! the captains of your hoſts,
With ſtern impatience, wait your princely orders,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.

SAUL.

Die! ſo they muſt; what have I heard? What ſounds
Within my ears, but death, hell, and deſtruction?
O *Samuel!* appear again: Here witch,
Uſe all thy ſpells to bring him up again;
Perhaps he may relent, elſe take me hence.

WITCH.

Cou'd I, my lord, I wou'd; but that I can't;
My charm is broke. He was not my old fiend;
For like a god he roſe and made me quake;
Then pray, O king, excuſe what can't be done.

SAUL.

And is there no relief from heaven or hell?
Am I ſo vile, that devils won't come nigh me?
Oh! let me plunge this dagger in my heart;
For if my ſoul muſt ſuffer pangs hereafter,
They can't be more conſummate, more acute,
Than thoſe which now both ſoul and body feel;

Stand off, and let me diſunite this frame,
And give this poor, tormented body reſt.
For you my friends, I charge you burn my bones,
Scatter my aſhes in a whirlwind's blaſt,
And let the name of *Saul* be heard no more.
Stand off I ſay----whilſt thus I go-----

Attempting to ſtab himſelf; they all lay hands on him, and wreſt the dagger from him.

DOEG.

He's mad! By heaven he raves!---- [*Aſide.*
O king! what ſhall I ſay to give you eaſe?
What words can ſooth or mitigate your pain?
Think on the deep diſtreſs you leave us in; [*Weeps.*
Like ſheep without a ſhepherd, left to wolves;
How will our foes triumph and boaſt aloud,
And ſay where is their captain, their great king,
In whom they plac'd their hopes of victory?
What! hath he fallen upon his ſword and left
His Tribes a prey to us and ours? Come let
Us on; now is the time to quite root up
And blot the name of *Hebrews* from the earth.

SAUL.

Why will you hold me thus? Avaunt I ſay:

Am I a king? No ſure, a galley ſlave;
Yet, by that empty name, lighter than air,
Tranſient as ſnow upon a ſummer's day,
More fickle than the veering breeze at ſea,
I charge you all ſtand off.-----

A. BEARER.

We will my lord; but O pay ſome regard
To that exalted ſtation which you bear;
Think on what *Doeg* laſt with tears implor'd,
And if it be decreed that you muſt fall,
Oh! ſtay and let us bravely fall together.

SAUL.

Thy words indeed have touch'd me to the quick;
I feel a glimpſe of reaſon now return;
But oh! I'm faint; nature calls for ſupport;
Theſe weary'd eyes, for ſix ſucceſſive nights
Laſt paſt, have ne'er been clos'd to reſt, nor have
I eat one morſel theſe three days; nothing
But ſighs and groans, remorſe and black deſpair,
Hath been my meat, my drink, my ſleep, and all
The ſweets of life on me beſtow'd; then take
This name of king away with ſpeed from me,
And give it to the moſt pernicious foe
You can find out; 'twill be a full revenge.

DOEG.

I know, my lord, the weary nights and days
You late have had, but think of theſe no more;
Give nature ſome ſupport, and eaſe your mind
From the diſquietudes that now infeſt it;
Then early in the morn, with mind ſerene,
Lead on your hoſts and doubt not victory.

SAUL.

Thanks for your good advice, I know you friends,
And for this once I'll follow what you dictate.
Oh! cou'd I find ſome way to flee from thought,
Joyous I'd mingle with my mother earth.
I cannot drive theſe terrors from my heart.
Come let us go.----Old witch adieu! farewel!
Thou'rt happier far, within this darkſome cave,
Than I who am a king and rule whole tribes.

Thus ſome poor peaſant with hard labour ſpent,
At home enjoys his ruſtic, ſweet content,
Whilſt crowns are burdens kings an empty ſhew,
Princes are ſlaves.---I dare not think,---let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Changes to the camp at GILBOA.

Enter DAVID.

DAVID.

How long he tarries! ſure ſome ſad miſhap
Retards his coming, elſe long e'er this time,
My faithful friend had haſtened here to me;
But ſee *Michael*, my wiſe, appears.

MICHAEL.

How fares my deareſt ſpouſe? What brought thee
here?
Oh haſte away! Be quick, eſcape by flight;
Thou know'ſt how *Saul* my father ſeeks thy life;
And wilt thou ruſh upon thy own deſtruction?
My life, my only hope, away with ſpeed;
Elſe much I fear thou'lt ſuffer from his rage,
For I this inſtant ſaw him raving mad;
Reaſon hath left him, and dire black deſpair,
And malice and revenge now fill his breaſt.

DAVID.

Peace all thy fears, take this advice thyſelf;
Is this a time to think of ſelf defence?
Hark! hark! yon warlike trumpets, how they ſound?
Yon hoſtile chariots how they whirle along!
Thinks thou that *Saul* thy father ſeeks out me?
No: He hath greater work upon his hands,
Than ſeeking *David*'s life; cou'd that ſuffice,
Or gain him but a victory this time,
With pleaſure wou'd I ſacrifice my ſelf
For *Iſrael*'s good;---but much I fear this day
Will prove a fatal one to *Iſrael*'s tribes.

MICHAEL.

I fear the ſame, and therefore flee with ſpeed,
Leſt this day ſhou'd deprive me of you all;
My father has been raiſing *Samuel*;
I heard his armour-bearer tell the fact,
Which ſhock'd me ſo I cannot bear the thought;
But die he muſt; this this I fear's too true;
So muſt my brothers all; then haſte away,
Or here I'll ſtay and periſh with the reſt.

DAVID.

This ſhocks my ſoul; oh! that I might command

One tribe this day, I'd truſt *Jehovah* ſtill;
I'd bravely lead them on, nor fear grim death;
For what is life compar'd with love of liberty,
Religion and my country's cauſe?
No here I'll ſtay, and wait the great event;
And if they fall I'll rally the remains;
I'll lead them on againſt this ſavage race:
But why this panting for my country's good,
When I'm deſpis'd for all my former deeds,
And for a recompenſe they ſeek my life?
Oh vile ingratitude! I fear too ſoon
'Twill meet a juſt reward.----But yonder comes
Thy brother, my dear friend; a friend ſincere;
I tremble for his fate; witneſs theſe tears;
[*Weeps.*
How chearful looks the mind, when innocent;
Heav'n guard his Perſon, and reward his virtues.

Enter JONATHAN.

JONATHAN.

Dear brother! glad I am to find thee here:
Perhaps it will be the laſt time I e'er
Shall hear the pleaſing ſound of thy Advice,
Or the ſweet comforts of thy generous friendſhip.

DAVID.

May heav'n prevent theſe ſad foreboding thoughts,
Diſpel thy fears, and pour its greateſt bleſſings
Upon that honeſt, worthy heart of thine;
May thou return triumphant from the field,
And I be bleſt in thy ſweet Friendſhip ſtill.

JONATHAN.

I thank thee friend for thy unfeigned prayer,
And in conjunction freely ſay amen.
But ſuch a gloomy aſpect ſpreads itſelf
Throughout our camp, as ſeems to portend
That ſomething fatal lies in this event;
And well there may, when my diſtracted father
Hath now recourſe--------
To ſorceries and hell-invented witchcraft.
Oh! I cou'd tell thee ſuch a horrid tale,
But that my ſpirits ſink beneath the thought;
Wiſhing it might be bury'd in oblivion.

DAVID.

I know too much of this, oh! what an action;
But peace, no more of that; don't quit thy hopes;
For thou alone, this time, muſt bear command;
Then let thy courage all it's force exert;
Truſt in *Jehovah*'s might, he yet can ſave;

His arm's not ſhorten'd, nor his ear grown dull:
Who knows but for thy ſake, and for the tribes,
His choſen people, he may yet relent,
Altho' provok'd with all the ſins of hell,
For his compaſſion ne'er was circumſcrib'd:
Wide as the vaſt abyſs it ſtill expands,
And like his own eternal nature, knows no bounds.

JONATHAN.

Thanks for thy god-like, and thy ſweet advice;
My hope lies center'd firm in great *Jehovah*;
'Tis he can ſave by many or by few;
But oh! ingratitude, that ſin of devils,
Still blaſts my hopes and bears my ſpirits down;
My father's diſobedience will, I fear,
Involve us all in his deſerv'd deſtruction,
Who dar'd preſume to ſtir *Jehovah*'s wrath,
To caſt him off and place his truſt in devils;
Sure the ſupreme will not be mock'd and ſcorn'd.
He's not like finite man, trifling with man;
He knows the heart, the inward ſprings of thought,
And his tremendous arm can ſoon revenge
Himſelf of all who dare provoke him thus.
But hark! what noiſe is that? I muſt be gone.

[*A noiſe of trampling, and a ſound of trumpets.*

DAVID.

Succeſs go with thee; oh! may thou ſucceed,
And may I ſee thee once again with peace;
Oh might I but go with thee!

JONATHAN.

That cannot, muſt not be, therefore farewel;
Adieu, my deareſt friend, O how I love thee!
Make thy eſcape; fly from this boiſt'rous ſtorm;
I fear I never muſt behold thee more;
Yet think upon that ſacred, friendly oath,
I made thee ſwear this day; pity my race,
My tender Infants, which have done no wrong;
I need repeat no more, I know thee true.
Come nearer brother, take this laſt embrace
(From theſe weak, trembling arms, which quake
thro' fear,)
Perhaps the laſt I e'er ſhall give thee more:
My eyes cou'd gaze for ever on thy face.
Think on thy oath; oh ſure I'm grown diſtracted!
To thus repeat and ſtir up all thy grief;
I know thou'rt true; hark how I ſtill repeat
What I have ſaid before; farewel my friend,
My fearful, boding heart tells me, for ever.
I dare not ſtay to hear thee bid adieu;

My ſpirits will not ſtand thy melting words;
So brother thus I leave thee. [*Exit* Jonathan.

DAVID.

And art thou gone with theſe ſad mournful words?
Are theſe to be the laſt I e'er ſhall hear
From thy dear tongue? O how this fluttering heart
Doth leap and tremulate within my breaſt;
Oh that I cou'd but now give way to tears.
They wou'd give eaſe amidſt theſe gloomy thoughts;
But that I can't; the fountain is dry'd up, ;
Elſe, cou'd theſe eyes of mine weep tears of blood.
Yet will I waft my ſighs along with thee;
Peace be with thee, and may the ſupreme bleſs thee.
Oh *Jonathan!* my friend, my brother dear,
Turn back thy face and let me view once more,
That pleaſing viſage; but alaſs 'tis gone!
And left me here diſconſolate alone.
There went the firmeſt friend that e'er drew breath;
My love like thine ſhall only end in death.

MICHAEL.

Haſte; come away my love let's fly with ſpeed,
Until the end of this event we ſee.

DAVID.

Pray woman hold thy peace; for thou art falſe;

I know thee ſo; how much unlike thy brother?
Thou comes to ſooth me with thy flattering words
Altho' I gain'd thee to my bed with blood;
Henceforth I will deſpiſe thy hated name,
Which like thy father's ſwells with empty pride,
Deceit, and all the wiles of thy falſe ſex.

MICHAEL.

What means my dear? Thy ſenſes ſure are fled,
Or elſe thou ne'er wou'd tax me with his crimes.

DAVID.

Oh! thou art baſe; how could'ſt thou leave my Bed,
And tye thy ſelf unto another huſband?
Be that thy greateſt curſe; out from my ſight:
Thou that deſpis'd me once, deſpiſe me ſtill,
As I do thee, and all ſuch hypocrites.
Sure one man ne'er begot thee and thy brother:
He is all truth, all gentleneſs and peace;
Thou art all pride, Hypocriſy and ſpleen.

MICHAEL.

Tax me not thus with leaving thee, my dear;
'Twas *Saul*'s compulſive act made me do this;
And who durſt gainſay what he did command?

DAVID.

Thou poor, mean wretch; thy arguments prove
this.
Had'ſt thou been true he'd ne'er have made thee
falſe.
Thou wou'd have ſacrific'd thy ſelf for virtue;
I know thou waſt copartner in the guilt;
Yet now thou wants to mitigate thy crime,
And prove with flat'ring words thy innocence.
No, hated woman, go; I wou'd long ſince,
Have baniſh'd thee, but juſt to ſound thy heart.

MICHAEL.

And muſt I go, and with me take thy curſe?
Where is the love thou once ſo ſtrong profeſs'd?
Be calm, and recollect one moment pray.

DAVID.

I am not raſh; I lov'd thee once 'tis true,
And might have lov'd thee ſtill, but thou art falſe:
Know then I hate all falſhood all deceit,
So quickly hence? Begone? Be this thy curſe
And let me never, never, ſee thee more.

MICHAEL.

Well ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll ſtreight away;
This heart of mine is ſure not adamant.

It may be broke, 'tis but a female heart;
Therefore adieu falſe man, thou'lt yet repent,
For henceforth I'll for ever ſtrive to be
A foe to *David* and his pedigree. [*Exit* Michael.

DAVID *alone.*

Farewel falſe woman, uſe thy utmoſt ſpleen,
David ſhall reign a king but thou no queen:
I'll now away and beg *Jehovah*'s aid
To bleſs my friend that is ſo much diſmay'd;
To draw each gloomy thought out from his breaſt,
And ſooth his every care with victory peace and reſt.

End of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ACHISH *and* JEREBOAM.

ACHISH.

WELL noble captain, haſt thou ſeen prince *Ecron?*
Have you fulfill'd the orders I gave laſt?

JEREBOAM.

Let not the king miſtruſt our zeal or faith,
For we have not been trifling with our orders:
'Tis not a time for indolence and ſloth
To reign, when the event of kingdoms lies
At ſtake, when liberty or ſlav'ry are
The joyous, ſweet, unlimitted reward,
Or galling chains and tortures the reſult.

ACHISH.

True are thy words, I doubt not of thy zeal;
But thou'rt too warm I fear, too hot in courage;
For often fiery zeal outſtrips performance;
Whilſt cool reflection makes the conduct ſafe,
And leaves a hope amidſt the worſt miſchance.

JEREBOAM.

Pardon O king! what may ſeem over raſh;
My ſoul I own is form'd too great and flighty;
I cannot brook delays, they chill my hopes;
Premeditation makes my ſpirits ſhrink;
Therefore my lord forgive the force of Nature.

ACHISH

I know the force of nature oft runs high,
Yet ſhou'd we check it's thoughtleſs, ſwift career,
For haſty councils ſtand on airy baſes,
And when rely'd on, down the fabric falls.
This we have known before when fluſh'd with hopes
Too ſoon; with ſchemes abortive plagu'd too late.

JEREBOAM.

Theſe words are true O king! Yet let us hope
For better times, and more ſucceſs than oft
We've had with this ſtrange *Hebrew* race,
That come to rob us of our lives and lands,
And each enjoyment that can make life ſweet;
Well may we hurry'd be along with ſpleen,
When it is plain they want to root us out
From off this earth, nor leave us ev'n a name.

ACHISH.

This thought ſhou'd make us act with fix'd reſolves,

And a wiſe, prudent conduct thro' the whole;
To be prepared for the worſt can come,
Is oft the ſureſt way to victory.
But *Ecron* comes, ſome tidings with him ſure;
Say prince, what news?

Enter ECRON.

ECRON.

My liege! all, all looks well as yet;
The *Iſraelites* confuſion yields great hopes,
And *David* is impeach'd of treachery;
For *Saul* he muſt not fight this day.

ACHISH.

Oh! *David*, mighty man of war; I grieve
That thy heroic ſoul ſhou'd thus be curb'd;
What haſt thou done, that both ſides thus deſpiſe
thee?
Thy courage wou'd invigorate my ſword,
And thy true conduct animate my mind,
To growing hopes of certain victory.
But ſince this muſt not, cannot be permitted,
I'll trace thy noble acts, thy warlike deeds;
Here in my heart I'll hold thee, here thou dwells,
And tho' thy perſon is withheld my ſight,
Thy ſoul ſhall mix with mine and jointly fight.

JEREBOAM.

My lord, theſe praiſes ill beſuit this time;
What muſt your captains think to hear you thus
Lament and mourn the man, our country's foe,
The greateſt ſcourge that e'er *Philiſtia* felt.
Yet this ſaid foe you long to give command;
But think, my lord, this is the only way
To damp our courage; now, by great *Dagon*'s head,
For my own part, (tho' captain of the hoſt)
Cou'd I believe *David* ſo near your heart,
This ſword, that oft hath in your cauſe been drawn,
I'd here throw down and all command reſign.

ECRON.

'Tis true O king, what *Jereboam* ſays:
Shall he command the men he does deſpiſe?
Say, ſhall a traytor, drove from his own king,
Bear rule with us?---'Tis wretched folly ſure.

ACHISH.

No more complaints; each man unto his poſt:
This once I'll try th' event of what you dictate.
But know, as I'm your king, if you ſhould fail
In this your boaſted, certain victory,
Some of your chiefs ſhall anſwer the default.
Therefore away,---and may your hopes ſucceed,

[*Exit* Jereboam *and* Ecron.

That we from war deſtructive may be freed:
Then *David* thou ſhalt guard my aged head;
For having thee no mortal foe I dread.

[*Exit* Achiſh.

SCENE II. *Near the camp.*

Enter DAVID, ABIGAIL *and two damſels.*

DAVID.

Come here my love, my joy, my future hope:
Sure providence, that rules all things below,
Hath ſent thee, like an angel down from heaven,
To ſooth this troubled, anxious heart with peace:
In thy ſweet, generous breaſt peace reigns.
How undiſturb'd thou came with thought compos'd.
Saw thou my armour-bearer?

ABIGAIL.

I did, my lord, and therefore am I come,
With humble pleaſure waiting your commands.

DAVID.

Commands, thou deareſt creature, I have none;
'Tis thou thyſelf that bears command o'er me;
And here I wait a ſentence from thy lips,
That muſt decide if *David* lives or dies.

ABIGAIL.

What means my lord? 'tis not in my weak power:
I humbly wiſh to know wherein I might
Be of the ſmalleſt ſervice to my lord.
Say, can my houſehold-ſtuff, aſſes, or mules,
My ſervants, or myſelf aſſiſt thee now?
Speak, and command 'em all.

DAVID.

What didſt thou ſay? Repeat, thyſelf again,
That laſt, ſweet word? Didſt thou not ſay myſelf?
Then, then I live: What's all this world to me?
Thee I will take, nor any thing beſides;
For having thee I've all the world can give:
Oft have I prov'd thy ſenſe, thy open frankneſs,
And pity'd thy hard lot; that one ſo fair
Should have been ty'd to ſuch a churl as *Nabal*;
But heaven, that views the caſe of the diſtreſt,
Aveng'd thy wrongs and freed thee from thy chains.

ABIGAIL.

My lord it is too much; let me be one
Of thoſe that waſh your feet; 'tis far beyond
The merit of your handmaid.

DAVID.

Beyond? 'Tis far beneath indeed; thou art my wife;
Thou

Thou ſhalt be---and partake in every ſtate,
In fortune either proſperous or adverſe ;
For who deſerves like thee ?------
How my heart beats whenever I reflect
Upon thy favours when in great diſtreſs ;
When driven from my maſter like a dog,
And forc'd to live in dens and gloomy caves,
Baniſh'd from father, brothers and from wife,
And all the ſweets that makes life eaſy paſs ;
Then, then I ſay, was thy compaſſion ſhewn.

ABIGAIL.

That time, my lord, I very well remember ;
But I have greater cauſe for thanks than you ;
'Twas your compaſſion ſpar'd my houſhold's blood ;
How grateful am I ſtill, this heart beſt knows,
When *Nabal*, drunk with wine, deſpis'd my lord,
And ſent your men away with empty hands,
Tho' you had guarded all that *Nabal* had.

DAVID.

Bleſt be the day I firſt beheld thy perſon ;
Thou met me like a meſſenger of peace:
How did I liſten to the moving ſtrains,
That flow'd harmonic in perſwaſive ſounds,

And turn'd my breaſt with voluntary haſte,
From growing rage, to love and thankfulneſs:
Yet inward pity did afflict my ſoul,
And chill my blood to think ſuch virtues loſt,
Such beauties with'ring in the bloom of youth,
And thrown away upon a man ungrateful.

ABIGAIL.

Thanks to my Lord, that took compaſſion on me;
When *Nabal* woke from wine I told the danger;
He heard, and, like a man with thunder ſtruck,
Quivering his limbs, he gave a groan and dy'd.

DAVID.

This I was told, and both rejoic'd and griev'd:
Joy'd; that ſuch virtues were no longer forc'd
To move in ſuch a narrow, circumſcribed ſphere
As yours has been; but now
Your ev'ry action's free as your extenſive mind.

ABIGAIL.

My lord, permit me to return once more
My thanks to you, my gratitude to heaven;
Which, with due reverence, I ſtill adore,
And bleſs the happy moment that I met
With you, my lord, and mov'd you to compaſſion.

DAVID.

Thy thankfulneſs to me I will repay;
Here, in this breaſt, a ſtream of love does flow;
Oh! tell me thou delighter of my ſoul;
Say, art thou willing I ſhou'd call thee mine?
Then let war rage, and hate do what it can,
With thee I ſtill ſhall find ſoft, downy peace;
When dangers threaten and when griefs infeſt,
I'll fly to thee and on thy boſom reſt.

ABIGAIL.

My lord, inſtruct me how to anſwer you;
Elſe let my eyes and bluſhes ſpeak my thoughts.
I am an humble widow, you a prince;
This difference makes me more confus'd;
But ſince you aſk--command me when you pleaſe,
My lord, I'm yours.---Oh! pardon what I've ſaid.

DAVID.

Enough, my life! ſoon will I make thee mine:
Let *Saul*, and *Achiſh*, jointly, now deſpiſe me;
I'm happier far than they;---retire my dear,
And ſhortly I will ſend for thee again.
[*Exit* Abigail.
She's gone; 'tis true love does poſſeſs my heart,
And ſhe is worthy of a gen'rous paſſion:

But now from love, I fall to darker thoughts,
To friends and brethren on the verge of battle;
Whoſe faces I perhaps no more muſt ſee.
Ah! *Jonathan!* when e'er I think upon
Thy laſt, ſad words, trembling does ſeize my heart.
I draw my ſword, and, ſpite of *Saul* or *Achiſh*,
Determine that I'll ruſh into the battle.
But then, what courage, what bold action,
Can be perform'd by one like me deſpis'd?
Here, here, my valor ſinks! here glory dies!
Oh! brother! I muſt leave thee to thy fate;
I cannot, dare not, come to thy aſſiſtance.

May the ſupreme add ſtrength unto thy arm,
Once more the hoſt of *Achiſh* to alarm;
May victory go forth with thy command,
And may thy courage ſave a ſinful land.
Thus, much-lov'd *Jonathan*, I wiſh thy good;
To ſave thy life dauntleſs I'd loſe my blood.

The end of the fourth act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſhout, and flouriſhing of trumpets from the army of the Philiſtnes.

Enter DOEG, *running.*

DOEG.

ALL all is loſt; the *Hebrews* are oe'ercome,
And I, have only ſav'd my life by flight;
Vict'ry is on the ſide of the *Philiſtines.*
And all our hoſt retreats.----See, who comes here?

Enter a meſſenger running,

What tidings doſt thou bring?

MESSENGER.

Tidings too diſmal almoſt to relate;
For *Saul* and all his army are defeated.
I ſaw brave *Jonathan,* our captain, fall;
Five times he broke the force of pointed jav'lins,
And with his ſword ſlew numbers of the foe;
Till faint, with loſs of blood, cover'd with wounds,
He bravely fell; yet e'en in death theſe words
He ſpoke, fight on, my brother ſoldiers;

Let not my fall abate your wonted valour;
Fight on, your country's ſafety lies at ſtake;
This ſaid, three times he wav'd his ſword in air,
Stretch'd out his quivering limbs and manly dy'd.

Enter ſecond meſſenger.

DOEG.

Oh! I am ſick of life ſince *Iſrael*'s glory,
Since *Jonathan*, the hope of ev'ry tribe,
Is now no more.---What news young man brings thou?

SECOND MESSENGER.

Whatever you have heard, I bring far worſe;
For *Saul* and the right wing is put to flight:
I ſaw him wounded, and the ſtreams of blood
Run trickling from his breaſt; yet ſtill he fought,
Unable with his ſhield to guard himſelf,
Firmly he ſtood, and call'd aloud for death.
Three times he rally'd the poor weak remains
Of his o'erpowered hoſt; the bowmen ſaw
Him turn his back in hopes to make retreat;
When lo! they ſent whole quivers full of arrows,
And wounded him again; nature was ſpent,
And down the king of *Iſrael* fell; I ſaw him fall.
He did conjure me then to draw my ſword,

And take his poor remaining dregs of life:
Here my heart ſmote me, and I turn'd aſide,
Nor durſt preſume to ſtrike the Lord's anointed;
Not many paces had I left the king,
Before I ſaw him ſtruggle to his knees,
And fix his pointed ſword againſt his breaſt;
Then throw himſelf upon it:
This is my mournful tale; alaſs too true!

DOEG.

It is too much; horror doth ſeize my heart,
And my ſoul labours under ſtrong convulſions.
What now is life when liberty is loſt?
Weep ev'ry tribe; your king, your prince is ſlain,
And *Iſrael*'s glory is at once departed.
This battle is the total overthrow
Of all that's dear. Oh! I'm diſtracted.
See; yet more, more affliction, haſtes this way,

Enter third meſſenger running.

Tho' worſe it cannot be; turn here young man.
Say what new ſcenes of horror?

THIRD MESSENGER.

I have eſcap'd from th' centre of the battle,
Where thouſands of the dead and wounded lie.
'Twould pierce a heart of ſtone to hear the cries

Of thoſe that on the ground expiring lie.
The dead are happy, ſince they're freed from pain,
Nor view the dire deſtruction of their brethren.
Saul he is ſlain; his three ſons are no more,
Their bloody corſes mangled on the field,
And the *Philiſtines* victory purſue:
Like ſheep upon the mountains, all the hoſts
Of *Iſrael* are ſcatter'd, ſwiftly they run,
Nor dare once to look back; ſo ſweet is life,
Tho' terror and deſtruction make pale death
Appear in ev'ry face.

DOEG.

Amidſt the gloomy aſpects that I've ſeen
I almoſt hop'd the tragic ſcene compleat;
But oh miſtake too fatal! for I find
Greater calamities eclipſe the leſſer.
Death and deſtruction, like the raging ſea,
When out of bounds, roll on their rapid way.
Jehovah fights no more amidſt our hoſt,
For all our hopes are in this battle loſt;
But hark! the victors now approach us nigh,
Turn you with me, 'tis death unleſs we fly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ACHISH, JEREBOAM, *and* ECRON.

ACHISH.

Thanks to great Dagon! *Iſrael* is o'ercome.
Hark! hark! the ſhouts of our victorious hoſt.
[*A ſhout within.*
How joyous is each ſound!
I thank you, noble captains, for the valour
That bravely you exerted in the field.
This day, triumphant honours you have gain'd,
And I'll reward your merits.

ECRON.

It is the higheſt pitch of honour, ſure,
To have our conduct by our king approv'd.
We have but done our duty.

JEREBOAM.

O king! the victory that we have gain'd
Was chiefly won by your judicious orders:
It is the greateſt pleaſure life can yield
Thus to have conquer'd our aſpiring foes.
This day they have receiv'd ſo deep a wound
As will (I hope) never be heal'd again.
Now let them boaſt of former battles won;

The armies of *Philiſtia* yet can ſcourge them.
Saul is no more; his valiant ſons are ſlain;
Nor can they find a captain in their tribes,
That dares to lead them on again to battle.

ACHISH.

Once more, with grateful heart, I thank your valour:
How bravely did you put my foes to flight?
Where is their God that ſmote the hoſt of *Pharoah*,
And did ſuch wonders in the land of *Egypt*?
Let *Dagon* be ador'd! To him aſcribe
The conqueſt and the glory that we've won.
But, noble captains, to the field again.
Number the captives, and the *Hebrews* ſlain:
Divide the ſpoils, and cut off *Saul*'s vile head,
And make them know *Philiſtia*'s ſons to dread:
Then haſte again, that with one gen'ral voice,
The camp of the *Philiſtines* may rejoice.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE. III.

Diſcovers the bodies of Saul *and* Jonathan, *headleſs.*

Enter DAVID *who views the bodies.*

DAVID.

What do I ſee! Theſe are the headleſs bodies
Of *Saul* and much-lov'd *Jonathan*, his ſon.
Oh! I'm diſtreſs'd for thee my brother dear;
How are the mighty in high ſtations fall'n,
And *Iſrael*'s beauty ſunk, no more to riſe!
Be ſilent, tell it not in *Gath* that they are ſlain;
Nor let the ſound be heard in *Aſkelon*,
Leſt the *Philiſtines* daughters ſhou'd rejoice,
And their uncircumciſed ſons triumph.
Ye balmy dews, that do exhale your ſweets
On mount *Gilboa*! drop your pearls no more:
Ye gentle ſhowers, that make perpetual
Verdure on theſe mountains, fall no more.
Let all be barren as the thirſty deſarts;
For there the mighty ſhields of warlike *Saul*,
And *Jonathan*, were vilely caſt away;
Nor rev'rence paid to *Saul*'s anointed head.
Oh *Jonathan!* that knew not to retreat:

Nor fields o'erflow'd with blood, nor mighties ſlain
Cou'd damp the courage of thy noble ſoul!
The bow of *Jonathan* and ſword of *Saul*
Return'd not empty from the field of battle.
Lovely and pleaſant in their lives they were,
And undivided in their deaths they fell;
Swifter than eagles,---and more ſtrong than lions.
Mourn, mourn ye daughters of the *Hebrew* race,
O'er *Saul*, that cloth'd you in the richeſt robes,
And gave you all delights that earth cou'd yield.
How are the mighty fall'n! Oh *Jonathan!*
From thy exalted ſtate, untimely ſlain,
Thou fell in battle;---for thee I am diſtreſs'd.
Such ſtrnog affection from thy heart did flow,
Surpaſſing far what womankind can ſhew:
How are the mighty fall'n, to be no more!
Whilſt I with ſighs and tears thy loſs deplore.
Thy mangled body makes my heart to bleed,
In thee I've loſt a cordial friend indeed.

Enter DOEG *and* ABIGAIL.

DOEG.

My lord, I much rejoice to ſee you ſafe;
On you our future hopes alone depend;
For *Saul* and *Jonathan*----Ah! who lies here?
Whoſe headleſs trunks are theſe? [*Seeing the Bodies*

DAVID.

'Tis *Saul*, and, much-lov'd *Jonathan*, his ſon:
Oh ſcene of woe! But what can tears avail?
Cou'd theſe recall life to it's priſtine clay;
Cou'd ſighs their ſouls and bodies re-unite,
Soon wou'd I weep, and ſigh them back to life:
But the decree is fix'd, and they no more;
Oh take this body, *Doeg*, from my ſight;
Pay them the funeral rights to princes due:
I cannot bear to caſt my eyes upon them.

[Doeg *carries off the body of* Saul.

Say what are kings? Behold that mangled corſe,
Once ſo alert and active in the field,
Is now a lifeleſs maſs of putrefaction.
And what art thou, oh! *Jonathan* my brother?
Nothing now but food for worms.

[*Gazing on the body.*

If gen'rous friendſhip cou'd have ſtopt thy flight,
Still hadſt thou been, and I had ſtill been happy.
But ſince 'twas heaven's decree in vain are ſighs;
We muſt reſign ourſelves to heaven's diſpoſal.

[*Re-enter* Doeg *and carries off* Jonathan'*s Body*

ABIGAIL.

Why mourns my lord for what can't be reſtor'd?

DAVID.

What! *Abigail?* Where have my eyes been fix'd?
I did not ſee thee, 'till I heard thee ſpeak.

ABIGAIL.

I came, my lord, according to your order,
And muſt condole with you in this affliction.

DAVID.

The ſight of thee alleviates my grief;
Soon thou ſhalt find I'll make my promiſe good;
But this day muſt not, cannot make us happy.
Do then, thou tender object of my wiſhes,
Depart to thine own houſhold, till the days
Of mourning for dear *Jonathan* are o'er;
Then will I take thee to my arms for ever.

ABIGAIL.

I go my lord, and doubt not of your honour.
May every grief, that does your mind infeſt,
Be huſh'd to peace, and may you ſtill be bleſt.

[*Exit* Abigail.

DAVID *alone*.

Now left unto myſelf, ſtill troubles rage,
But calm reflection muſt my ſorrow's 'ſwage.

Had *Saul* obey'd *Jehovah*'s dread command,
He yet had reign'd o'er ſweet *Paleſtine*'s land.
From hence let kings the laws of heaven obey,
Then war, deſtructive war, ſhall ſoon give way
To peace, and plenty crown their righteous, gentle ſway.

End of the fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

NOW ſince I find it is the gen'ral vogue,
That ev'ry PLAY *muſt have an* EPILOGUE,
I muſt conform to cuſtom, ſecond nature,
And write you one, tho' critics cry--vain creature!
But if herein you find ſome moral fit
For contemplation, or one ſpark of wit,
With pleaſure will the author think his toils
Redundantly rewarded in your ſmiles.

THE
General Mechanic,
A
SATIRE.

-------*Farrago libelli.*
JUV.

STRANGE are the diff'rent paths mankind purſue,
Yet dear ſelf-intereſt they keep in view,
From the exalted duke, with glitt'ring ſtar,
Down to the humble peaſant or bold tar.
Self-praiſe, and vile detraction, ſpring from pride;
Hence reaſon proves too weak to be a guide.
Two of one trade full often diſagree,
And ſtrengthen the old proverb's verity.
This is a fact, clear to a demonſtration,
As well in this as every other Nation.
But now, methinks, the reader cries aloud,
What means the fool? thus to harangue the croud.

Well aſk'd indeed, elſe I had quite forgot
The title page, the ſubject, and the plot;
And, even now, 'twou'd almoſt puzzle Jove,
To think in what a labyrinth I rove.
But ſince this ſatire I'm reſolv'd to write,
'Tis my deſire to give ſome ſmall delight.
And firſt, this gentle caution let me hint,
I beg my readers not to take affront;
The ſatire's gen'ral, intends no other,
But juſt to make us laugh at one another;
To view the foibles of this human life,
Yet judge with candor, nor reprove with ſtrife.

'Twas at the great and ſolemn declaration,
Of war with *France* (that ever faithleſs nation)
When rich and poor join'd the promiſcuous throng,
And diff'rent trades in order march'd along;
Soon as did terminate the grand proceſſion,
Each man did herd with thoſe of his profeſſion;
I wave the polititions of the ſtate,
My pen dares not to write againſt the great.
There are true patriots that can write with
pleaſure,
And point out all embezzelers of treaſure;
Boldly exclaim againſt oppreſive laws,
And without fear defend the public cauſe.

Hence leave we theſe, ſince it's a fruitleſs ſtory,
Whigs will be whigs,--And tory will be tory.
'Tis for the publick good they jointly reign,
Whilſt britiſh liberty thus they ſuſtain.
We are the nation's body,--they its ſoul,
"Yea knights o'th' ſhire and repreſent us all."

The reverend clergy firſt do ſtrike my mind,
Yet hold, my ſatire here ſhall be confin'd:
For ſince morality they daily teach,
Who dares to ſay for biſhopricks they preach?
Can we believe they care for triffling ſatire,
Who preach not this vain world, but an hereafter?
Sure they're to blame who ſay they ſeek high places;
Their bodies can't ſubſiſt, on inward graces:
Hence tho' they take their tythes, to one potatoe,
To each tenth ſheaf of corn, and ſtone of hay too,
For this they chriſten, bury, wed and pray;
Then who can murmur at the clergy's pay?
None ſure but ſchiſmatics can this gainſay.

Pardon the muſe, ye members of the law,
If ſhe a few outlines of you ſhou'd draw;
Tell how unweariedly you plead each cauſe,
And ſtrive in ev'ry act, to find a flaw.

Gods! with what vehement force, I've heard ſome baul,
And find new themes, when fee'd with ſome new cole;
But if the client comes with empty purſe,
On earth, methinks, there is no greater curſe;
For, parſon like, no pay no pater noſter,
If you've no caſh, (cry they) your tryal's loſt ſir.
But if they find the client ſtor'd with gold,
Pleas'd with the ſhining oar, they grow more bold;
Hint that the caſe looks gloomy.-- "But the fee?
"Come double it? ne'er fear I'll ſet you free."
But growing weary, of theſe learn'd debates,
I leave the clients poor to curſe their fates,

Next phyſic,---with thoſe learned ſons of art,
Some call apothecaries, did me ſtart;
'Tis vile to ſee them murder honeſt latin,
And paſs their Callimancoe off for Satin;
Some having got a few phyſicians bills,
Implicitly with theſe wou'd cure all ills;
And ſince they cou'd let blood, or draw a tooth,
(Which ev'ry black-ſmith's boy learns in his Youth,)
Muſt be term'd doctor with each one forſooth.

Some do ſo many words together jumble,
They ſoon turn mountebanks,--or fools and tumble.
For you muſt know, amidſt this learned age,
Fools like their maſters live upon the ſtage.
The time wou'd fail me now to tell of drugs,
Some to cure ladies, others to cure pugs;
Yea ſyrrups, balſams, gliſters, portions, pills,
With forty thouſand things, that patients kills,
Clos'd up in vial bottles, gally-pots, and gills.
But I will quit this theme; pardon th' offence,
Ye learned of this claſs, ye men of ſenſe;
Your characters ſoar far above lampoon,
As high above the quacks, as ſol at noon.
But peace dear friends---the Poets now appear:
Here, uncontroul'd, I'll range in my own ſphere.
For ſince I do profeſs the ſcribling art,
Each brother ſcribbler ought to take my part;
Nor be too eager raſhly to condemn;
I own my faults, and freely herd with them.
What wou'd ye more? Accept me as a brother,
And where's the crime to laugh at one another?
No more of Prologue.
See this vain ſcribbling wit muſt needs write ſatire,
And paſs upon the world for a tranſlator;
For having learn'd ſome Poets works by rote,
He'd have the world think him a man of note.

Another, quite as weak in head as purſe,
Whoſe circumſtances never can grow worſe,
Some fulſome panegyric needs muſt write,
That's inconſiſtent with true learning quite;
Reflecting he has got a jingling head,
" I'll write (he cries) for poets muſt have bread:
" Did not I make a riddle?---A lampoon?---
" Yes that I did.---I made 'em well and ſoon;
" Yea too accroſtics, true to one ſmall letter,
" With twenty epigrams,--none cou'd write better.
" But I am not ambitious of ſelf-praiſe,
" Tho' once I writ five riddles in ten days."
Thus far the learned wit harangues himſelf,
And proves, to demonſtration, he's an elf.

Ah! who comes next? Truly a man of merit,
Tho poor in body yet he's rich in ſpirit.
He writ a poem coſt him twelve weeks ſtudy,
And made his phiz look pale that erſt was ruddy;
Much pains he took the ſpelling to correct,
To make true concord, and each fault detect;
But who foreſees the dire decrees of fate?
For after all this poem came too late.
A ſoaring youth, bleſt with mercurial flight,
Had publiſh'd one before this came to light,

And as theſe bards propoſals prov'd the ſame,
Each plot alike, and ſimilar each ſcheme,
It diſannul'd the projects of his brain.
For when he offer'd his on terms of reaſon,
Each look'd aſide as if he'd written treaſon;
In fine the publiſher both vow'd and ſwore,
The firſt went off ſo ill he'd have no more.
Then ſaid the poet, pray ſir give one crown
For this new manuſcript? 'tis well wrote down;
Nay he reply'd; what give a crown!--not I;
Here's ſixpence; friend will this your copy buy?
He took the crooked piece and ran his way,
And vow'd he'd write no more for ever and for aye!
Thus did he leave me; but I ſee another,
Who with impertinence calls *Cibber* brother:
This was a dab at odes, and ſongs, and ballads:
He often ſtock'd the ſtroling ſingers wallets;
For if the times went right--yea more, if wrong,
'Twas equal; for this wit cou'd make a ſong.
His prices too were ſuited to the trade;
If well they ſold the youth as well was paid;
But if the markets any time did fail,
His ſole reward was one poor draught of ale.

Give ear ? I ſing a youth that merits praiſe :
This had the impudence to write four plays,
And imitate bold *Shakeſpear*'s tragic lays :
He judg'd his talents great, ſo needs muſt write,
Yet quite forgot the cynic ſtagyrite ;
For when he came to view each tragic line,
Inſtead of acts poor five, he had made nine.
This made him curſe, and ſwear, and rave, and ſweat,
And in a taper's flame the whole compleat,

But hark ! what noiſe is that ? I fain wou'd know.
Upon my ſatire, it proves *Miller Joe*.
He's got a printer there faſt by the noſe,
And vows the dog ſhall buy him ſome new cloaths;
Becauſe the ſcoundrel cou'd not read his copy,
Inſtead of printing pope he'd printed puppy ;
Yea, where poor *Joe* had written down a cuſtard
The printer had transform'd it into Muſtard ;
Alſo inſtead of cap and wig and box,
He'd ſet it cl-p and itch and alſo p-x :
This made *Joe*'s paſſion riſe ſo very high,
He ſwore the printer ſhou'd that inſtant die,
Unleſs he forthwith rigg'd him with a coat,
Becauſe he'd made his works not worth a groat ;

Oh mercy! cries the printer, here take this;
Take doublet too, ſo thou'lt but me diſmiſs.
Joe took 'em both, with ſpeed, and put 'em on,
Kicks him down ſtairs and ſaid thou wretch begone;
Away ſtalks new-rigg'd *Joe* to a bookſeller,
And begg'd he'd hear a word from Mr. *Miller*.
" What news (quoth *Joe*) do poets riſe or fall,
" For nothing's more uncertain on this ball;
" Pray what commands for jeſts, or puns, or Satires,
" Do theſe ſell better than ſweet ſcented waters?
" For on my life I'm now grown monſt'rous poor,
" And want a dinner far worſe than a wh-re."
I've no commands the bookſeller reply'd,
I'm wearied of my life with this curſt tribe;
No leſs than twenty-four in theſe ſix days,
With ſatires, poems, politics and plays:
In fine I've bought ten poems for one ſhilling,
And might have had ten more if I'd been willing.
" D--n you, ſays *Joe*, I'd ſee the devil take ye,
" Before one poem I wou'd deign to make you;
" I know ſome of your trade do boaſt and caper,
" And cry out poems cheaper are than paper:
" One gave ſome fools-cap for to make pindarics,
" But the poor author fell into hyſterics;

" And well he might, for all the poets wages
" Were fourteen leaves of *Ariſtotle*'s pages,
" Said to be wrote by him in former ages.
" Another ſold his labours for *Don Quixot*,
" And an old pair of breeches made of thickſet;
" But let ſuch trade, (ſays *Joe*) I've learn'd much better,
" I'll have my caſh before I give a letter;
" A title-page itſelf is worth a crown,
" Nor ſhall you farther look till that's paid down;
" I know your knaviſh tricks; you ſtill exclaim,
" Buy at low prices but ſell high again.
" You tell the printer Iv'e bought all theſe couplets
" And this new tragedy for two old doublets;
" Come fall to work, they'll raiſe us many pounds;
" For, *Milton* like, the poet knew no bounds.
" But peace, dear friend, don't let the author know;
" He muſt correct the preſs:--Aver theyr'e low.
" Theſe and ſuch-like are your bookſeller's tricks;
" But you'll meet a reward when o'er old ſtyx."
Here *Joe* concluded, and I thank'd him double,
And vow'd this claſs ſhou'd cauſe no further trouble.
   Wearied with parſons, poets, and bookſellers,
Mechanics come on next; and firſt the tailors;

For ſince they trace their origin from *Adam*,
When he made fig-leave aprons for his madam,
It's pity to deprive them of their right,
For in preeminenece they take delight;
Nor can I think this is a falſe tradition,
That they from *Adam* trace a true commiſſion;
He liv'd on roots and fruit,--he was no ſavage,
Witneſs he was their maſter,--they love cabbage.
Having made clear this point, my muſe proceeds,
With humble boldneſs to divulge their deeds:
And firſt of all I muſt look out a maſter;
See here he comes,--he's going for a plaiſter.
A gentleman hath lately broke his pate,
Becauſe his ſuit of mourning come too late;
Nay that's not all, this taylor was a wag;
One ſleeve was ſlaſh'd,--one a meer pudding-bag;
Well might this blade affront a man of honour,
To make his coat with two odd ſleeves upon her,
Here ſtruts a taylor pleaſing to my mind,
A curious ſhaper, tho' he's almoſt blind;
This was the only man that e'er cou'd ſhape,
A well-cut jacket for ſquire *Fribble*'s ape;
Yea twenty former taylors he ſupplanted;
Some who had run away,--ſome who had fainted.

For you muſt know the garment was to try;
And none of them the monkey durſt come nigh;
But one ſly wag bound *Jaco* to a chair,
And when he ſnarl'd did give the ape a pear,
Yea nuts alſo; this taylor he did crack it,
And thro' this ſcheme he button'd on the jacket.
Behold another term'd a woman's man.
Faith rightly nam'd;-his cheeks are pale and wan;
This makes your negligees and demi-ſacks,
And covers all deformities of backs;
Yea, ſhou'd the ſhoulders differ inches ſeven,
This cuſhion maker ſoon will ſet them even.
Ladies don't judge this man to be a witch;
He's lately come from *France*; his name is *Stitch*.
His brother brought up capuchines from *Port*,
And can make cardinals of any ſort;
In theſe he is the head of the vocation,
Tho' he believes in tranſubſtantiation.
To prove this true, pray take my word upon it;
He ſhap'd a lawyers gown into a bonnet;
Yea fifty groſs miſtakes I more cou'd tell;
But gentlemen I muſt bid you farewel.

Now for one verſe in praiſe of *Vulcan*'s ſons;
Becauſe theſe blades don't value weak lampoons:

They're cannon proof can; ſtand the ſharpeſt ſcorns,
Tho' like old *Vulcan* ſome of them wear h-rns:
Indeed they have ſo many ways to cheat,
'Twou'd take twelve months their actions to repeat:
Look to your pockets, or they'll make 'em feel;
They can, with words turn Iron into ſteel;
Heed them they'll ſwear each tool is *German* mettle,
And cheat you ſixpence at a ſhilling kettle;
Yea knives that coſt but eighteen pence per dozen,
They'll ſell at nine pence each to their own couſen.
Shou'd you but ſay, the goods are over dear,
Each keeps a *Cyclops* every word to ſwear;
Theſe vow the bills of parcels run ſo high,
And that their maſters never tell a lye.
Further they ſwear to ſpades, ſcythes, knives and forks;
That theſe are all the product of their works:
But here I'll leave them, for in truth I ſpy
A cobler, call'd cordwainer, by the by:
He's a bold *Criſpin* tho' he's in his dumps
And well he may he's lately had ſome thumps,
For making brogues inſtead of channel'd pumps.
You'd judge his maſter was an honeſt blade;
He vows that every ſhoe is firmly made;

He told his friend a *London* ſole he'd put
On his new boots;--he ſcorn'd to ſet on butt;
Yea gave a quart to calm th' employers fears,
Yet after this he ſtitch'd on two bull's ears.
Next a poor woman came for two heel-taps,
And theſe he mended with two old cow paps.
Such tricks as theſe give coblers no remorſe;
But I muſt add no more; I know they'll curſe.

Ye peruke-makers join the gen'ral throng;
Excuſe me for poſtponing you ſo long:
'Twas want of thought, and is pity ſure,
Becauſe it's hard one honeſt to procure.
Cut wigs, and curls, and bobs and feather'd tops,
Scratches, and bags, and pigtails made for fops,
Are found in ev'ry corner of your ſhops.
Next the full-bottom'd tripple tail appears;
Some to hide judges,--ſome the lawyers ears;
Yet winter's ſtormy blaſts and driving rain,
If e'er they meet, down fall the curls again
Unto their origin; they never fail;
Streight as a ſhe-goat's beard, or he-calfs tail;
For thoſe have boil'd, and bak'd, and roaſted been,
And have ſo many tranſmigrations ſeen,
That nothing yields a barber greater pain,
Than to indemnify his works from rain:

But if you take and pay for it that hour
They care not if you're drown'd in thunder ſhow'r.
Again, there are your cutters of the hair,
That ſhear you 'till your perricranium's bare;
I often tremble when I meet a fop,
Poll'd ſhort, and made like conjuror the crop;
It makes me ev'ry ſight their loſs deplore,
To ſee a youth reſemble one fourſcore.
Tell me, ye learned, whence aroſe this plan?
Pray was it for to ſhew a large brain-pan?
Was it to ſhew the thickneſs of the ſcull,
And make us judges who are bright or dull?
In ancient times great heads were out of faſhion,
But now thick ſculls are th'greater half o'th' nation
One reaſon for their growth I'll juſt premiſe.
There's ſcarce one barber that is over-wiſe,
And this made them contrive a ſpeedy way
To make the world have heads as large as they:
I cou'd proceed to tinkers and to weavers;
In ſhort in ev'ry ſtate cou'd paint deceivers;
Tell how the nation's ſtocks do riſe and fall;
How bankrupts cheat the tradeſmen of their all;
How pawnbrokers do prey upon the poor;
How uſurers increaſe their ill-got ſtore;
How ſpendthriſts loſe their credit and eſtates,
And bring themſelves to miſerable fates:

But let it now ſuffice what here I write,
The learned tell us the whole world's a bite;
It's ſcarcely poſſible, tho' e'er ſo wiſe,
To go thro' life without ſome ſmall diſguiſe.
Some real or imaginary fault,
Cleaves to the beſt; for nature oft does halt:
But let us mend the things we ſee amiſs,
And then it matters not whoſe crime it is.
Shortly from this imperfect ſtate we go,
And each muſt anſwer for himſelf we know;
Therefore let peace dwell in each reader's breaſt,
And with a ſmile paſs o'er this gen'ral jeſt;
For the moſt raſh and haſty to condemn,
Do from this ſatire ſhew themſelves the men.

THE END.

THE VISION.

Written in the YEAR 1755.

------*ſit mihi fas audito loqui.*

VIRG.

WHEN *Sol* was ſunk into the weſtern ſeas,
And pale-fac'd *Cynthia* ſhone with borrow'd rays,
Thrice the grave owl had ſhriek'd, thrice croak'd the toad,
And the nocturnal bat was flown abroad;
When I, with care and labour ſore oppreſt,
Amongſt the ſlumb'ring world lay down to reſt.
Not long the god of ſleep had clos'd my eyes,
Before, methought, I heard a doleful noiſe;
For yet the viſion came not to my ſight,
A ſable curtain interven'd the light;
Thro' which I heard the cries of thoſe oppreſt,
Each murmur ſhew'd them equally diſtreſt.
Some groan'd beneath the weight of pining want,
And curſt the day they to the world were ſent;

Some laſh'd each tax, others did mutter treaſon,
And each complaint ſeem'd tinctur'd with ſome
reaſon:
Again ſome cry'd their native land was ſold,
By traytors to enrich themſelves with gold.
Some few, indeed, objected to this thing,
When the next murmur rung, remember *B-ng!*
What vile diſgrace thro' his miſconduct flows,
Abroad deſpis'd, at home o'erwhelm'd in woes.
Well may each patriot true be ſore diſmay'd,
Since loſt is now both home and foreign trade.
Thus far, attentively, each plaint I heard,
When, inſtantly, the curtain diſappear'd.
But oh! what words can paint the vaſt ſurprize
That then appear'd; or ſeem'd ſo to my eyes?
Parents diſtreſs'd, whoſe infants mourn'd for bread,
And look'd like ghoſts new riſen from the dead;
Next to my ſight pale ſpectres quick aroſe,
And call'd for *B-ng!* and told *Minorca*'s woes!
Yea ſights inumerable then I ſaw;
Some fir'd revenge.----ſome did compaſſion draw.
Amidſt this dire confuſion and this noiſe,
Britania's *Genius* ſpoke, with aweful voice,

Theſe words that drew attention from the throng,
And ſtruck with ſilence ev'ry babbling tongue.
" Ye *Britiſh* ſons (he thunders) *now be wiſe!*
" Stand up for *liberty!*--your Foes deſpiſe!
" Be more united; plead the public good;
" For this expoſe your fortunes and your blood;
" Let mutual love your hearts together tie,
" Nor *Whig* nor *Tory* be the baneful cry.
" Let merit find reward,--chooſe men of ſenſe,
" The terror of your arms now to diſpenſe;
" Heroic ſouls, whoſe deeds their fame enhance,
" Who with undaunted courage dare fight *France.*
" Such late was *Marlbro',* whoſe heroic name
" Shall ſtill be ſounded by the trump of fame:
" Cou'd he once more ariſe and tread this Ball,
" The thunder of his voice wou'd daunt each *Gaul.*
" Yea cou'd bold *Drake* aſſiſt him in command,
" Victoria! wou'd reſound through ſea and land.
" Like patriots true, are *Saunders, Hawke* and *Weſt,*
" Who ſcorn like *B-ng* to fight the *French* in jeſt;
" Such god-like ſouls as theſe, no doubt, will prove
" As firm as *Blakeney* in their country's love.
" Then lay corroding, party zeal aſide,
" And in *Jehovah* chearfully confide.

“ For love’s the cement that does peace ſuſtain,
“ ’Tis love that crowns and empires does maintain,
“ Adhere to this, you’ll conquer *France* & *Spain.*”
Theſe laſt angelic words were all he ſpoke,
Then with expanded wings he flew--and I awoke.

ON

The Loſs of MINORCA.

Inſcrib'd to General BLAKENEY.

On valor's ſide the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die.

POPE.

TRUE friend to *Britain!* who can ſing thy praiſe?
What ſoaring genius comprehends thy lays?
Such vaſt heroic valour in thee glows,
That makes it evident thou fears no foes.
Not all the force or dread of thund'ring Balls,
Not the dire breaches in the maſſy walls,
Not dying groans that pierc'd the yielding air,
Nor ſharp adverſity cou'd cauſe deſpair.
Theſe ſeem'd nonentities,--nor cou'd they move
Thy firm affections from thy country's love;
For thy exalted thoughts hop'd friendly aid
Wou'd ſoon aſſiſt,---then all ſhou'd be repay'd!
But vile indeed whoe'er the traytor be,
That left thee thus involv'd in miſery.

What cou'dſt thou do? If *Blakeney*'s life cou'd ſave
The ruin'd Forts,--with joy he'd met the grave.
But finding that his greateſt hopes were croſt,
No hop'd relief,---and half his men were loſt;
With evr'y badge of honour he reſign'd,
Nor left one captive priſoner behind.
Yet ſtrong revenge ſtill hover'd in his breaſt,
Nor cou'd his ſoul ſubmit to be diſtreſt;
Reluctantly he quits his dear St. *Phill!*
Chiding each ball that did not *Blakeney* kill.
Prays thunder-bolts may ſtrike the daſtard dead,
And every curſe fall double on his head,
That did withold from him his juſt ſupplies,
And left the crafty foe to tyrannize.
This is the portrait of great *Blakeney*'s ſpirit;
Who loſt *Minorca*,---yet gain'd laſting merit.
O! had but *Drake* or *Raleigh* bleſt the ſeas,
Then had brave *Blakeney* gain'd immortal bays,
And join'd them to his preſent fund of praiſe.
Guard him ye pow'rs divine from ev'ry harm,
And keep him ſafe in battles, ſeas, or ſtorm.
Refulgent bleſſings wait his future days,
And may his hoary head lie down in peace.

THE
Canary Birds *and* Sparrows,
A
FABLE.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

IN days of yore, as fables ſay,
When birds in ſpeech cou'd thoughts convey,
Some ſparrows of a roving mind,
A flock of fine canaries join'd;
Awhile their golden plumes they view'd,
And curb'd their ſpleen from being rude;
But when they heard them chant their lays,
The ſparrows almoſt deign'd to praiſe;
So ſweetly did theſe warblers ſing,
As made the woods and groves to ring.
The ſparrows, ſelf-condemn'd, ſtood mute,
'Till an ag'd cock, with humble ſuit,
Beſought the little foreign throng
To hear theſe words from his dull tongue:

" I've liv'd (ſays he) theſe many years,
" And nurſt my brood with tender cares;
" Have taught them all was in my power,
" Neglecting not one youthful hour;
" Have ſhew'd them where to ſeek their meat,
" To fly from boys, from Guns, and net.
" All this they learn'd, yet, like to me,
" Are birds of dull ſtupidity;
" Nor I, nor they, dare range the groves,
" Where vocal warblers ſing their loves;
" The goldfinch or the linnet's voice,
" Or lark exulting tow'rds the ſkies,
" Make us take flight and dwell with men,
" Where dullneſs oft, too oft, doth reign.
" But ſtrangers, if you'll grant me leave,
" I have one humble boon to crave;
" Six ſons I have, juſt flown from neſt,
" Inſtruct 'em, pray, as you think beſt;
" Teach them to ſing, that, when of age,
" They may like you have gilded cage;
" And for reward, upon my word,
" I'll bring you crumbs from a great lord."
Th' canaries bow'd, with mild ſubmiſſion,
And took his ſons under tuition;
Much pains the little warblers took,
Taught them on willows near a brook;

Yea, one by one, put bill in ear,
Whilſt they, each one, chirpt *Philip* clear:
Again, ſoft note by note, they try'd;
Again theſe ſparrows *Philip* cry'd;
Nor cou'd they learn one note beſide.
At length, with fruitleſs leſſons weary,
Thus ſpoke an old and ſage *Canary*,
" Why ſhou'd we ſpend our time in vain,
" O'er this dull ſtupid fooliſh train?
" For ſooner might we change their throats
" From black to white than teach them notes;
" For it is plain to demonſtration,
" They were not form'd for education;
" Hence it appears upon the whole,
" Their father is the greater fool;
" Unleſs he thought that theſe dull creatures
" Cou'd be transform'd to other natures."
He ended and th' *Canaries* flew,
Away from this dull, ſtupid crew.

MORAL.

Tho weak the fable yet the moral's plain;
Who can inſtruct a youth with ſhallow brain?
Let boys who are as dull as ſtupid ſparrows,
Be put to trades mechanic, ploughs and harrows:

Why ſhou'd the maſters always bear the blame?
Say--can they ſtem the torrent of this ſtream?
Not ſo--for dullneſs runs with ſuch a force,
That the whole flow of ſenſe can't turn its courſe.

Youths like *Canaries* are their tutor's pride,
Who gladly learn, attentive to their guide;
Let ſuch as theſe, in lit'rature proceed;
Hence brighter clergy wou'd the dull ſucceed,
And univerſities and ſchools from dunces freed.

On the DEATH of the *Right Honourable* the late LADY *STRANGE*.

IT muſt be ſo ;--great *Bacon* * ſo thou writ,
That things terreſtrial muſt to earth ſubmit;
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous centre here,
Death cuts the thread, anon they diſappear.
Come ſacred nine, theſe mournful lines inſpire,
Illume them with your pure poetic fire:
Great *Strange*, the patroneſs of virtue's dead!
Oh cruel fate! ſo ſoon to cut her thread :---
She, in whoſe genr'ous breaſt each virtue ſhone,
Is now alaſs! for ever, ever gone!---
Cou'd boundleſs charity have ſtop'd her flight,
A-while ſhe'd been detain'd from realms of light;
Cou'd pure conjugal love, affections dear,
Have ſtay'd her ſoul ;--great *Strange* had ſtill been here.
Cou'd her dear infants tears add to the weight,
So ſoon ſhe had not paid the debt of fate.
Cou'd widdows ſighs, or prayers from the diſtreſt,
Whoſe plaints ſhe heard, whoſe every want redreſt;
In fine, cou'd theſe, or all have ſtopt the blow,
Still *Strange* had been, and bleſt us here below.

---

* Alluding to Sir Nicolas Bacon's treatiſe of Philoſophy.

Here pauſe my muſe;--let fall the gen'rous tear;
A tribute due for virtue ſo ſincere;
Yet let not gloomy thoughts too much infeſt;
Contemplate now ſhe joins the ever-bleſt;
There all her virtues meet the great reward,
Which the *Supreme* for ſuch as her prepar'd.
Peace then each murmur, ev'ry ſigh away,
Jehovah call'd her to eternal day,
Where joys conſummate flow without allay.

* * *

The

The 150 *Pſalm* imitated.

PRAISE ye JEHOVAH, in exalted ſtrains;
On earth and heaven where he eternal reigns.
Praiſe him, for thoſe great acts which boundleſs flow
Coeval with his pow'r,---nor limits know.
Let the ſhrill trumpets mingle with the praiſe,
Whilſt ſofter harps and pſaltr'ies join the lays.
Let organs play, with ſweet ſymphonious ſound;
Let ſtringed inſtruments the praiſe reſound;
Let graceful motions, and the manly dance,
Join octave cymbals, and the praiſe enhance.
In fine, let all that earth, or ſeas afford,
Exert their powers to praiſe the living lord.

On falſe HONOUR:

Occaſion'd by a late DUEL.

Slaves to our paſſions we become, and then
It grows impoſſible to govern men.

WALLER.

AONIAN nymphs aſſiſt me now to write;
Help me to paint falſe honour in true light.
You, you alone, diffuſe inſtructive aid,
And give each portrait proper light and ſhade.
Ambition is the theme;---the firſt of woes,
The prime reſult whence miſery ſtill flows:
Had our firſt parents, when in *Eden* bleſt,
(Before ambition their calm minds poſſeſt,)
Still baniſh'd pride, nor dared to rebel;
But Oh!--aſpiring to be great they fell.
Hence fallen angels too their loſs deplore,
Who thro' ambition fell,--to riſe no more.
Experience daily proves moſt ills on earth,
Reſult from pride:--'Tis pride that gives 'em birth:
Murders, and maſacres, and ſword and fire,
Vile inquiſitions, revolutions dire,
All ſpring from pride, when men too high aſpire.

Say why was reaſon giv'n to our frame?
Surely our pride to curb and paſſions tame.
Which, like a balmy dew, each ſweet diſtills,
And warns us to be wiſe from others ills.
While reaſon rules no paſſions e'er controul;
Nor can falſe honour once diſturb the ſoul.
Falſe honour did I ſay?---Here let me pauſe;
For oh! I view a late moſt fatal cauſe: *
My blood runs cold; I tremble whilſt I write;
And penſive, gloomy thoughts, my mind affright.
Shall man whoſe ſpirit muſt for ever live,
Beyond the confines of an earthly grave,
Riſk his vaſt all;--his hopes of endleſs joy!
And thro' falſe honour, all his peace deſtroy?
The deſp'rate thought wou'd make a heathen quake,
To view the ſoul thro' paſſion ſet at ſtake.
To the ſurvivor what can ever flow,
But black deſpair and ſtill corroding woe?
A conſcience ever ſounding in his ears,
With cries of orphans, and with widdows tears.
Nor the remoteſt part of earth or ſea,
Can ever drive the guilty thought away.
From hence let men reflect, before too late,
Curb ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry cauſe of hate,
And from example ſhun falſe honour's wretched fate.

---

* Alluding to a late duel.

The ſilent WIFE;
A
TALE.

Wrote for a SCHOOL BOY.

BEHOLD I come to tell you ſuch a tale,
As ſure to raiſe your wonder cannot fail.
No latin authors ſhall diſturb your ears,
No greek I'll ſpeak, ſo pray diſpel your fears.
A prodigy for once ſhall be the theme;
So as you like or diſlike, praiſe or blame.

A worthy, honeſt man, did chance to wed
A termagant, and took her to his bed:
The firſt ſix weeks ſhe curb'd her bitter ſpleen,
And peace was there, where peace ne'er ſince hath been;
For after this, ſuch boiſt'rous ſtorms did riſe,
As did the neighb'ring village quite ſurprize.
No ſingle act this man cou'd e'er do right,
Nor was he ever happy in her ſight.
Still he, poor man, ſtrove with a gentle hand
To bring her groſſer will under command.

But all in vain, no reaſon wou'd ſhe hear,
Her tongue run equal with the fleeting year.
Five annual ſuns had run their daily courſe,
And every year this termagant grew worſe.
No longer with her ſpleen cou'd he diſpenſe,
But fell to drinking, thus to drown his ſenſe.
Hence two years more they led a horrid life,
Like cat and dog more like than man and wife;
For he was ſeldom without broken crown,
Which in return for oft he knock'd her down.
One day ſhe rais'd a ſtorm of vocal thunder,
Enough to rend the very roof aſunder;
She roar'd ſo loud he cou'd no longer ſtay,
But at a tavern tippled all the day.
The day ſoon paſs'd and the ſad thoughts of night,
Black as itſelf, did ſorely him affright.
For well he knew the conſequence of this,
Still ten days ſorrow for one day of bliſs.
Brim full of wine, which did his ſpirits chear,
He ſtalked home, in hopes the ſtorm was clear,
And found her ſat in his great eaſy-chair.
My dear, ſays he, I'm glad to ſee thee thus;
Tell me, my love, muſt I give thee a buſs?

What! not one word? Ye gods what can this mean?
That my dear *Bet*'s ſo ſilent ſo ſerene.
He ſung two Ballads, and he ſtir'd the fire,
Yet *Bet* ne'er ſpoke, which made him much admire.
Says he this is the happieſt night I ever ſaw;
What! not one word? Dear *Bet* the cauſe I'd know.
Thy very name henceforth I ſhall adore,
Since I've had peace where I'd ne'er peace before.
Bleſt in himſelf, rejoicing in his bliſs,
He ſoftly roſe to give his *Bet* a kiſs.
He put his hand to raiſe her drooping head,
But, ſtrange to tell, he found poor *Bet* was dead.
He ſtarted back and to himſelf did ſay,
My *Bet* is quiet now ſhe's turn'd to clay.
I thank thee death; this is the only cure;
And, if thou pleaſe, by my dead wife I'll ſwear,
I never, never will be ty'd again,
Since thou hath broke my matrimonial chain;
For this I teſtify, upon my life,
That death can only cure a ſcolding wife.

◆

THOUGHT;

AN ÆNIGMA.

IF any ſubject on this early ſphere
Have cauſe to claim pre-eminence, then I
Indeed am fit for riddling bards; becauſe
Myſelf a very riddle.
Know firſt, my flight is vaſtly ſwift; yea ſuch,
That I o'er hills and vales, caſcades, and groves,
Yea further climes, and greater continents
Than *Europe* boaſts, I wander in an inſtant.
Nor am I bounded here; to unknown worlds
I take my flight, there triumph, or lament,
As conſcience dictates in my throbbing breaſt,
Accuſes, or excuſes.
Again; aſtronomers I help in their conjectures;
Aſſiſt in finding out new worlds and all
The various motions of the ſtars;
But my perfection's moſt when fix'd and centered
In the ſupreme being;
To pant, and long, and ſtruggle after immortality;
When like the poles I here ſtand firm, I cauſe
Thoſe actions to exiſt, that are th' reſult

Of ev'ry humane, ſocial diſpoſition;
But when with diabolic rage, and ſpleen malign,
I gird myſelf, hence ſpring confuſion, theft,
And perjury; and ev'ry ill that mankind knows
Exiſtence takes from me.
I cou'd ſay more, but ſhun this vile extream,
And ſeek to find me out.

The

The 12th Chapter of *Eccleſiaſtes* paraphras'd.

REFLECT fond youth, ſtop;--give an aweful pauſe;
Remember thy *Creator*, keep his laws;
Becauſe the time's approaching when thou'lt ſay,
Nothing but pain attends the weary day.
While ſun, moon, ſtars, do give a vivid light,
Conſider there will come a ſable night;
When like huge clouds, ſucceſſive after rain,
Grief preſſes grief, and pain ſucceeds to pain;
Then ſhall thy trembling hands vibrate and ſhake,
And the firm ſinews of thy knees ſhall quake;
Thy grinders gone, with ſorrow thou ſhalt eat,
Nor taſte a reliſh in thy dainty meat:
When with dim eyes thou ſcarce beholds the light,
But ſeems to grovel in an endleſs night;
When thy dull ears ſhall ſtart at every ſound,
And no melodious ſtrain with thee is found;
When height and depth like monſters will appear,
And make thy crazy load half die thro' fear,

Thou'lt find deſire itſelf will likewiſe ceaſe,
And the leaſt burthen diſcompoſe thy eaſe;
Becauſe thou'rt toiling tow'rds thy long abode,
And weeping friends diſturb thy weary road.
Reflect before the ſilver cord's unty'd,
Nor in thy dying frame too much confide;
For ſoon alaſs! will break the golden bowl,
And leave thy crazy load without a ſoul;
Then ſhall thy body ceaſe from ev'ry pain,
And thou return to mother earth again.
But oh! the vital ſpark returns to god,
He form'd the ſoul;---he fixeth her abode.
All, all is vanity the preacher ſays,
And ev'ry pleaſure hath deluſive ways;
Further, my ſon, unto my words attend;
In making many books thou'lt find no end;
Much ſtudy always makes a penſive brain,
And to the body adds a languid pain.
Then, hear the ſummum bonum of the whole;
Fear god, and in his laws thyſelf conſole;
For dread *Jehovah* will each act diſplay,
And puniſh or reward on the great judgment day,

◆

THE
Song of *MOSES* Paraphras'd,

From *Exodus* Chapter 15. Verſe 1. to 20.

THEN in a lofty ſtrain did *Moſes* ſing
Jehovah's praiſe, whilſt thro' the num'rous tribes
A chorus join'd with ſweet ſymphonius ſounds.
Sing to the lord, let every breaſt exult,
And ev'ry heart o'erflow with gratitude;
What moving accents, what melodious notes
Can ſing the triumph of the God of Gods?
Behold proud *Pharaoh* and his chariots hurl'd
Headlong into the fathomleſs abyſs;
Nor can the courage of his captains ſtay
The raging bilows;---down they ſink like a
Vaſt maſſy rock ne'er more to riſe.
Jehovah's arm is glorious in ſtrength,
And his right hand hath cruſh'd our enemies;
The fire of thy wrath conſum'd their hoſt,
And burnt them up like ſtubble.

With thy tremendous breath the waters were
Congeal'd; the raging billows ceas'd to flow,
Stagnated by thy word.
With bold preſumption did th' *Egyptians* ſay
We will purſue, o'ertake, divide the ſpoil,
And with our ſwords deſtroy this *Hebrew* race.
Revenge ſhall ſatisfy our luſt with blood:
How vain their boaſt!---The wind, ſubſervient
To *Jehovah*'s nod, roll'd back the ſea; they ſunk
Like lead into the mighty waters.
Amongſt the heathen gods who can compare
Unto the mighty name of dread *Jehovah?*
Whoſe glory ſhines with an unborrow'd luſtre;
Whoſe wonders ſtill demand our praiſe and fear.
Thou ſtretchedſt forth thy great almighty hand;
The trembling earth did open, and one grave
Devour'd them all.
But oh! what boundleſs mercy flows from thee?
Tow'rds the dear choſen that thou haſt redeem'd;
Thou led us forth and guides us by thy might,
Till we arrive ſafe in the promis'd land;
The ſons of *Paleſtina*, they ſhall fear,
And ev'ry heart be overwhelm'd in ſorrow;
Edom and *Moab* ſhall be ſore diſmay'd;

Their chiefs ſhall faint with horror and amaze;
Deſpair and dread ſhall all their ſtrength diſolve,
And thy triumphant arm ſhall cauſe each heart
To be as cold and as inanimate as lifeleſs ſtones;
Then ſhall the people of *Jehovah* paſs
Into a land that flows with milk and honey;
There ſhall they build a houſe unto thy name,
And there the God of *Iſrael* ſtill ſhall dwell;
For thou alone art worthy of all praiſe,
That did deſtroy proud *Pharaoh* and his horſemen.
The raging ſea prov'd the *Egyptians* grave,
Whilſt it the tribes of *Iſrael* did ſave.

The 22d Chap. of *Revelation* Paraphras'd.

NEXT to my ſight appear'd a cryſtal ſtream,
Not ſuch as in this earth is to be found ;
For this flow'd from the throne of God and of the lamb,
Pure ſtream of endleſs life.
On either ſide the river, and in th' midſt
Sprung up the tree of life that bears twelve fruits,
Cauſing a golden autumn ev'ry month :
It's balmy leaves did wounded nations heal.
Here ſhall the throne of god be fixt, and here
The ſaints, that ſerv'd him faithfully on earth,
Shall ſee his face unveil'd, with joy reſplendent,
Where ev'ry curſe and ſin ſhall be ſubdu'd.
The ſun himſelf, that maſſy globe of fire,
Finds here no place to dart one vivid ray,
Nor need they weeping tapers gloomy light ;
For here *Jehovah* reigns in endleſs glory
And makes eternal day.
Theſe ſayings they are faithful ;--they are true ;
Jehovah deigns to ſend his angel down

And ſhew his ſervants things that ſoon muſt be.
Behold I quickly come, bleſſed is he
That keeps theſe ſayings undefil'd and pure.
I, *John* both ſaw and heard theſe things,
When down I fell proſtrate before the angel,
Intent on worſhipping;
When lo! I heard him ſay--ariſe, forbear,
I am thy brother and a fellow ſervant
Of thoſe that keep the ſayings of this book;
Then worſhip god.
Seal not (the angel ſaid) this prophecy,
The ſayings of this book;---the time's at hand
When he that's unjuſt muſt be unjuſt ſtill,
And he that's righteous muſt be righteous ſtill.
Behold I quickly come and bring rewards
According as men's works have been on earth:
I'm *Alpha* and *Omega*, firſt and laſt.
The ſaints that keep my laws ſhall ſtill be bleſt:
Theſe have a right unto the tree of life,
And theſe ſhall go into the holy city:
Without are dogs, ſorcerers,
Idolaters, and thoſe that ſlay the juſt.
I, *Jeſus*, ſent my angel down to you
To teſtify theſe things unto the churches;
I am the bright and gladſome morning ſtar,

The root of *David*, the offſpring of *Jeſſe*;
The ſpirit and the bride ſay come;
Let him that hears theſe ſayings alſo come.
If any thirſt after the ſtream of life
The fountain's open, freely let him drink;
For this I teſtify, if any man
Shall add unto the ſayings of this book,
Then God ſhall pour upon him all the plagues
That are contain'd herein:
And he that dares to take a part away
Shall find no part within the book of life;
But from the holy city be expell'd:
He that does teſtify theſe aweful truths
Aſſures us he comes quickly.
Lord *Jeſus* let thy grace dwell in each breaſt,
That at thy coming we may all be bleſt.

FINIS.

W.N.H. HARDING Bodl.